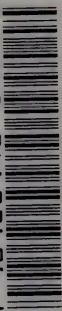
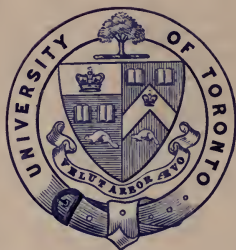


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Bequest of
Rev. Th. C. Scadding, D.D.
to the Library
of the
University of Toronto
1901

~~B. W. Burnaby~~

Robert W. Burnaby
Leicester Feb. 1854

BEQUEST OF
REV. CANON SCADDING, D. D.
TORONTO, 1901.



T. Stothard R.A. del.

A. Burrell sculp.

— while the flow'ry subject he pursues,
 • A wild delirium round th' assembly flies;
 Unusual lustre shoots from Emma's eyes:
 Luxurious Arno drivels as he stands;
 • And Anna frisks, and Laura claps her hands.
 Baviad line 60.

THE
BAVIAD,
AND
M Æ V I A D,

BY
WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq.

Tota cohors tamen est inimica, omnesque manipuli
Consensu magno officiunt, curabitis, ut sit
Vindicta gravior quam injuria : dignum erit ergo
Declamatoris Mutinensis corde Vagellî
Cum duo crura habeas offendere tot caligatos.

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1797



T O
JOHN HOPPNER, ESQ. R.A.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES
ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
AS A SMALL BUT GRATEFUL MEMORIAL
OF THE
AFFECTIONATE AND FAITHFUL REGARD
OF HIS
MOST OBLIGED FRIEND
AND SERVANT,

London,
July 15, 1797.

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

IN 1785, a few English of both sexes*, whom chance had jumbled together at Florence, took a fancy to while away their time in scribbling high-flown panegyrics on themselves; and complimentary “canzonnettas” on two or three Italian†, who understood too little of the language

* Among whom I find the names of Mrs. Piozzi, Mr. Greathead, Mr. Merry, Mr. Parsons, &c.

† Mrs. Piozzi has since published a work on what she is pleased to call **BRITISH SYNONIMES**; the better, I suppose, to enable these gentlemen to comprehend her multifarious erudition.

in which they were written, to be disgusted with them. In this there was not much harm ; nor, indeed, much good : but, as folly is progressive, they soon wrought themselves into an opinion that they really deserved the fine things which were mutually said and sung of each other.

Though “ no one better knows his own house ” than I the vanity of this woman ; yet the idea of her undertaking such a work had never entered my head ; and I was thunderstruck when I first saw it announced. To execute it with any tolerable degree of success, required a rare combination of talents, among the least of which may be numbered neatness of style, acuteness of perception, and a more than common accuracy of discrimination ; and Mrs. Piozzi brought to the task, a jargon long since become proverbial for its vulgarity, an utter incapability of defining a single term in the language, and just as much Latin from a child’s Syntax, as sufficed to expose the ignorance she so anxiously labours to conceal. “ If such a one be fit to write on *SYNONIMES*, speak.” Pignotti himself laughs in his sleeve ; and his countrymen, long since undeceived, prize the lady’s talents at their true worth,

Et centum Tales* curto centusse licentur.

Thus persuaded, they were unwilling their inimitable productions should be confined to the little circle that produced them; they therefore transmitted them hither; and, as their friends were enjoined not to shew them, they were first handed about the town with great assiduity, and then sent to the press.

A short time before the period we speak of, a knot of fantastic coxcombs had set up a daily paper called the *WORLD* *. It was perfectly unintelligible, and therefore much read: it was equally lavish of praise and abuse, (praise of what appeared in its own columns, and abuse of every thing that appeared elsewhere,) and as its conductors were at once ignorant and conceited, they took upon them to direct the taste of the

* In this paper were given the earliest specimens of those unqualified, and audacious attacks on all private character; which the town first smiled at for their quaintness, then tolerated for their absurdity; and now—that other papers equally wicked, and more intelligible, have ventured to imitate it,—will have to lament to the last hour of British liberty.

town, by prefixing a short panegyric to every trifle which came before them.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that Yendas and Laura Marias, and Tony Pasquins, have long claimed a prescriptive right to infest most periodical publications: but as the Editors of them never pretended to criticise their harmless productions, they were merely read, laughed at, and forgotten. A paper, therefore, that introduced their trash with hyperbolical encomiums, and called on the town to admire it, was an acquisition of the utmost importance to these poor people, and naturally became the grand depository of their lucubrations.

At this auspicious period the first cargo of poetry arrived from Florence, and was given to the public through the medium of this favoured paper. There was a specious brilliancy in these exotics, which dazzled the native grubs, who had scarce ever ventured beyond a sheep, and a crook, and a rose-tree grove, with an ostentatious display of "blue hills," and "crashing torrents,"

and “petrifying funs!”* From admiration to imitation is but a step. Honest Yenda tried his hand at a descriptive ode, and succeeded beyond his hopes; Anna Matilda followed; in a word.

———— contagio labem

Hanc dedit in plures, sicut grex totus in agris
Unius scabie cadit, et porrigine porci.

* Here Mr. Parsons is pleased to advance his farthing rush-light. “Crashing torrents and petrifying funs are extremely ridiculous”—*habes confitentem!* “but they are not to be found in the Florence Miscellany.” Who said they were? But à propos of the Florence Miscellany, Mr. Parsons says I obtained a copy of it by a breach of confidence; and seems to fancy, good man! that I derived some prodigious advantage from it: yet I had written both the poems, and all the notes save one, before I knew there was such a treasure in existence. He might have seen, if passion had not rendered him as blind as a mill horse, that I constantly allude to poems published separately in the periodical sheets of the day, and afterwards collected with great parade by Bell and others. I never looked into the Florence Miscellany but once; and the only use I then made of it, was to extract a sounding passage from the odes of that deep-mouthed Theban, Bertie Greathead, Esqr.

While the epidemic malady was spreading from fool to fool, Della Crusca came over, and immediately announced himself by a sonnet to Love. Anna Matilda wrote an incomparable piece of nonsense in praise of it; and the two “great luminaries of the age,” as Mr. Bell calls them, fell desperately in love* with each other.

* The termination of this “everlasting” attachment was curious. When the genuine enthusiasm of the correspondence (Preface to the Album) had continued for some time, Della Crusca became impatient for a sight of his beloved, and Anna, in evil hour, consented to become visible. What was the consequence!

Tacta places, audita places, *si non videare*

Tota places, neutro *si videare* places.

Mr. Bell, however, tells the story another way; and he is probably right. According to him, “Chance alone procured him an interview.” Whatever procured it, all the lovers of “true poetry”, with Mrs. Piozzi at their head, expected wonders from it. The flame that burnt with such ardour, while the lady was yet unseen, they hoped would blaze with unexampled brightness at the sight of the bewitching object. Such were their hopes. But what, as Dr. Johnson gravely asks, are the hopes of man! or indeed of woman!—for this fatal meeting

- From that period not a day passed without an amatory epistle fraught with lightning and thunder, et quicquid habent telorum armamentaria cœli.—The fever turned to a frenzy: Laura Maria, Carlos, Orlando, Adelaide, and a thousand other nameless names caught the infection; and from one end of the kingdom* to the other, all was nonsense and Della Crusca.

put an end to the whole. Except a marvellous dithyrambic which Della Crusca wrote while the impression was yet warm upon him, and which consequently gave a most accurate account of it; nothing has since appeared to the honour of Anna Matilda: and the “tenth muse,” the “angel,” the “goddess,” has sunk into an old woman; with the comforting reflection of having lisped love strains to an ungrateful swain.

— non hic est sermo pudicus

In *vetula*, quoties lascivum intervenit illud

Ζωὴ καὶ Ψυχὴ.

* Kingdom. 'This is a trifle. Heaven itself, if we may believe Mrs. Robinson, took part in the general infatuation.

“ ——— When midst ethereal fire
Thou strik'st thy DELLA CRUSCAN lyre,

Even THEN, I waited with a patience which I can better account for, than excuse, for some one (abler than myself) to step forth to correct the growing depravity of the public taste, and check the inundation of absurdity that was bursting upon us from a thousand springs. As no one appeared, and as the evil grew every day more alarming (for now bed-ridden old women, and girls at their samplers, began to rave) I determined, without much confidence of success, to try what could be effected by my feeble powers ; and accordingly wrote the Following Poem.

Round to catch the *heavenly* song,
Myriads of *wondering* seraphs throng!"

I almost shudder while I quote : but so it ever is,

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

And Merry had given an example of impious temerity, which this wretched woman was but too eager to imitate.

THE

BAVIAD.

THE
BAVIAD,
A
PARAPHRASTIC IMITATION
OF THE
FIRST SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

*Impune ergo mihi recitaverit ille SONETTAS;
Hic ELEGOS!*

^a P. **W**HEN I look round on man, and find
how vain
His passions—
F. Save us from this canting strain!
Why, who will read it?

PERS. SAT. I.

^a O CURAS hominum! O quantum est in
rebus inane!

Quis leget hæc? Min' tu istud ais? Nemo,
hercule. Nemo?

P. Say'st thou THIS to me?

F. None, by my life.

P. What, none? Nay, two or three—

F. No, no; not one. 'Tis sad; but—

P. Sad; but—Why?

Pity is insult here. I care not, I,

Vel duo, vel nemo: turpe et miserabile. Quare?

NOTES.

* *Cui non dictus Hylas?* And who has not heard of James Boswell, Esq.? All the world knows (for all the world has it under his own hand) that this great man composed a BALLAD in honour of Mr. Pitt, with very little assistance from Trusser, and less from Mr. Dibdin; which he produced to the utter confusion of the Foxites, and sung at the Lord Mayor's table. This important "state paper" I have not been able to procure, thanks to the *scombri, et quicquid ineptis amicitur chartis*; but the terror and dismay it occasioned amongst the enemy, with a variety of other circumstances highly necessary to be known, may be gathered from the following letter:.

To the CONDUCTOR of the WORLD.

SIR,

THE wasps of opposition have been very busy with my *State Ballad*, "the GROCER of

‘ Tho’ * Boswell, of a song and supper vain,
And Bell’s whole choir (an ever-jingling train),

‘ Ne mihi Polydamas & Troiades Labeonem
Prætulerint: nugæ.

NOTES.

LONDON,” and they are welcome. Pray let them know that I am vain of a hasty composition which has procured me large draughts of that popular applause in which I delight. Let me add, that there was certainly no *servility* on my part; for I publicly declared in Guildhall, between the *encores*, “ that this same “ Grocer had treated ME arrogantly and ungratefully; “ but that, from his great merit as a Minister, I was “ compelled to support him !”

The time WILL come, when I shall have a proper opportunity to shew, that in one instance at least, the man has wanted wisdom.

Atqui vultus erat multa & præclara minantis.

Poor Bozzy ! But I too threaten.—And is there need of thy example, then, to convince me that on

———our firmest resolutions

The noiseless and inaudible foot of death
Steals like a thief !

In splay-foot madrigals their pow'rs combine,
 To praise * Miles Andrews' verse, and censure
 mine—

10

‘ No, not a jot. Let the besotted town
 Bestow as fashion prompts the laurel crown ;

‘ ———Non, si quid turbida Roma
 Eleuet, accedas : examenve improbum in illa

NOTES.

* This gentleman, who has long been known as an industrious paragraph-grinder to the morning papers, took it into his head some time since to try his hand at a Prologue. Having none of the usual requisites for this business, he laboured to little purpose ; till Dulness, whose attention to her children is truly maternal, suggested to him that unmeaning ribaldry and vulgarity might possibly be substituted for harmony, spirit, taste, and sense.—He caught at the hint, made the experiment, and succeeded to a miracle. Since that period every play-wright, from O’Keeffe to Della Crusca, “ a heavy declension !” has been solicitous to preface his labours with a few lines of his manufacturing, to excite and perpetuate the good humour of his audience. As the reader may probably not dislike a short specimen of Mr. Andrews’s wonder-working poetry, I have subjoined the following ex-

But do not THOU, who mak'st a fair pretence
To that best boon of Heaven, COMMON SENSE,

Castiges trutinā : nec te quæſiveris extra.

NOTES.

tract from his last and best performance, his prologue to Lorenzo.

“ Feg, cries fat Madam Dump, from Wap-
ping Wall,

“ I dont love plays no longer not at all,

“ They're now so vulgar, and begin so soon,

“ None but low people dines till afternoon ;

“ Then they mean summat, and the like o' that,

“ And its impossible to sit and chat.

“ Give me the uppero, where folks come so
grand in,

“ And nobody need have no understanding.

“ Ambizione ! del tiranno !

“ Piu forte, piu piano, a che fin—

“ Zounds ! here's my warrant, and I will come in.

“ Diavolo ! who comes here to so confound us ?

“ The constables, to take you to the round-
house.

“ De round-house, ?—Mi !

“ Now comes the dance, the demi caractere,

“ Chacone, the pas de deux, the here, the there ;

Resign thy judgment to the rout, and pay 15

Knee-worship to the idol of the day :

For all are——

Nam Romæ est quis non? ^d at, si fas dicere :

fed fas

NOTES.

“ And last, the chief high-bounding on the
loose toe,

Or pois'd like any Mercury, O che gusto !

And this was heard with applause ! And this was
read with delight ! O shame ! where is thy blush ?

——morantur

Pauci ridiculum effugientem ex urbe pudorem.*

* It is rightly observed by Solomon that you may bray a fool in a mortar without making him wiser. Upon this principle I account for the stationary stupidity of Mr. Andrews ; whose faculties, God help the while ! do not seem a whit improved by the dreadful pounding he has received. Of him therefore I wash my hands—but I would fain ask Messrs. Morton and Reynolds (the worthy followers of O’Keeffe, and the present supporters of the British

F. What? Speak freely; let me know.

P. ^d O might I! durst I! Then——but let it go.

Tunc, cum ad canitiem, et nostrum istud vivere
triste

Aspexi, et nucibus facimus quæcunque relictis,
Cum sapimus patruos: tunc, tunc. Ignoscite. Nolo.

NOTES.

Stage) whether it be absolutely necessary to introduce their Pieces with such ineffable nonsense as this

——Betty, it's come into my head
Old maids grow crows because their cats are dead;
My governess hath been in such a fuss
About the death of our old tabby puss.
She wears black stockings—ha! ha! what a pother,
'Cause one old cat's in mourning for another *!

If IT BE NOT—for common-sense' sake, Gentle-
men spare us the disgrace of it; and O Heavens! IF
IT BE—deign in mercy sometimes to apply to the
Bellman, or the Grave-stone cutter, that we may stand
a little chance of having our ribaldry and our dog-
grel “with a difference.”

* See THE WILL—A Bartholomew-fair farce by
Mr. Reynolds.

Yet, when I view the follies that engage
 The full-grown children of this piping age ; 20
 See snivelling Jerningham at fifty weep
 O'er love-lorn oxen and deserted sheep ;
 See Cowley * frisk it to one ding-dong chime,
 And weekly cuckold her poor spouse in rhyme ;
 See Thrale's grey widow with a fatchel roam, 25
 And bring in pomp laborious nothings home ;
 See Robinson forget her state, and move
 On crutches tow'rds the grave, to † " Light o'
 Love ;"

NOTES.

* For the *poetic* amours of this lady, see the British Album, particularly the poem called the INTERVIEW ; of which, *soit dit en passant*, I have a most delectable tale to tell, when time shall serve.

† Light o' Love, that's a tune that goes *without a burden*.
 SHAKESPEARE.

‡ In the first editions of this and the following poem, I had overlooked Mr. Parsons, though an undoubted Bavian. This nettled him. Ha ! quoth he, in the words of a well known writer, " Better be damn'd than mentioned not at all." He accordingly

See Parsons ‡ while all sound advice he scorns,
Mistake two soft excrescences for horns; 30

NOTES.

applied to me* (in a circuitous manner I confess) and as a particular favour was finally admitted, in the shape of a motto, into the title page of the *Mæviad*. These were the lines.

May he who hates not CRUSCA's *sober* verse,
Love MERRY's *drunken* prose, so smooth and
terse;

The same may rake for sense in PARSON's skull,
And shear his hogs, poor fool! and milk his
bull.

The first distich contains what Mr. Burke calls "high matter;" and can only be understood by the initiated; the second (would it had never been written!) instead of gratifying the ambition of Mr. Parsons, as I fondly expected, and quieting him for ever, had a most fatal effect upon his poor head, and from an honest pains-taking gentleman converted him in imagination into a Minotaur.

Continuo implevit falsis mugitibus urbem,
Et sæpe in lævi quæsit cornua frontem.

* PARSONS I know, and this I heard him say,
Whilst Gifford's harmless page before him lay,
I too can LAUGH, I was the FIRST BEGINNER.

PARSONS OF HIMSELF, Teleg. March 19.

Quam multi faciunt quod Eros, sed lumine sicco,
Pars major lachrymas RIDET, et intus habet!

And butting all he meets, with aukward pains,
 Lay bare his forehead, and expose his brains :
 I scarce can rule my spleen —

NOTES.

The Motto appeared on a Wednesday ; and on the Saturday after, the morosoph Este (who appears to have believed in the reality of the metamorphosis) published the first bellowings of Mr. Parsons, with the following introduction :

ON MR. GIFFORD'S MOTTO.

“ The following SPIRITED CHASTISEMENT of the vulgar ignorance and malignity in question, was sent on Thursday night—but by an accidental error in one of our clerks, or in the servant delivering the copy at the office, it was unfortunately mislaid !”

Why, this is as it should be ;—“ the Gods take care of Cato !” Who sees not that they interfered, and by conveying the copy out of the compositor’s way, procured the Author of the *Mæviad* two comfortable nights ! But to the “ spirited chastisement.”

“ Nor wool the pig, nor milk the bull produces.”

The profundity of the last observation, by the bye, proves Mr. Parsons to be an accurate observer of nature : and if the three Irishmen who went nine miles to fuck a bull, and came back a-dry, had fortunately had the honour of his acquaintance, we

P. Forbear, forbear:

And what the great delight in learn to spare.

NOTES.

should probably have heard nothing of their far-famed expedition.

“ Nor wool the pig, nor milk the bull produces,

“ Yet each has something for far different uses :

“ For boars, pardie! have tusks, and bulls have

“ HORNS.”

Η, Νεμεσις δὲ κακὰν ἐγράψατο ΦΩΝΑΝ.

for from that hour scarce a week, or indeed a day, elapsed, in which Mr. Parsons did not make himself ridiculous, by threatening me in the Telegraph, the Oracle, &c. with those formidable non-entities.

Well and wisely singeth the poet :—*Non unus mentes agitat furor.* Yet while I give an involuntary smile to the oddity of Mr. Parsons' disease, I cannot but lament that his friends (and a gentleman who is said to belong to more clubs than Sir Watkin Lewis, must needs have friends) I cannot, I say, but lament that on the first appearance of those knobs, those “ excrescences,” as I call them, his friends did not have him cut for the simples!

• P. It must not, cannot be ; for I was
born 35

To brand obtrusive ignorance with scorn ;
On bloated pedantry to pour my rage,
And hiss preposterous fustian from the stage.
LO, DELLA CRUSCA *! in his closet pent,
He toils to give the crude conception vent. 40

• Quid faciam ? sed sum petulanti splene cachinno.
Scribimus inclusi, numeros ille, hic pede liber,

NOTES.

* LO, DELLA CRUSCA !

“ O thou, to whom superior worth’s allied,
“ Thy Country’s honour, and the Muses pride—”
So says Laura Maria—

et folem quis dicere falsum

Audeat ?

Indeed she says a great deal more ; but as I do not understand it, I forbear to lengthen my quotation.

Innumerable Odes, Sonnets, &c. published from time to time in the papers, have justly procured this gentleman the reputation of the first poet of the age ; but the performance which called forth the high-founding panegyric above mentioned, is a philoso-

Abortive thoughts that right and wrong confound,
Truth sacrific'd to letters, sense to sound ;

Grande aliquid, quod pulmo animæ prælargus
anhelet :

NOTES.

phical rhapsody on the French Revolution, called the
Wreath of Liberty.

Of this poem no reader (*provided he can read*) is
at this time ignorant: but as there are various opi-
nions concerning it, and as I do not choose perhaps
to dispute with a lady of Mrs R—'s critical abilities,
I shall select a few passages from it, and leave the
world to judge how truly its author can be said
to be

“ gifted with the sacred lyre,
“ Whose sounds can more than mortal thoughts
inspire.”

This supernatural effort of genius, then, is chiefly
distinguished by three very prominent features.—

1. Downright nonsense. 2. Downright frigidity.
3. Downright doggrel.—Of each of these in its turn :
and first of the first.

Hang o'er his eye the gossamery tear.

Wreath round her airy harp the tim'rous joy.

A web-work of despair, a mass of woes.

And o'er my lids the scalding tumour roll.

Falſe glare, incongruous images, combine;
And noiſe and nonſenſe clatter through the line.

Scilicet hæc populo, pexuſque togaque recenti,

NOTES.

“TUMOUR, a morbid ſwelliſg.” JOHNSON. An excellent thing to roll over an eye, eſpecially if it happen to be hot and hot, as in the preſent caſe.

—ſummer-tints begemm’d the ſcene.

And filky ocean ſlept in gloſſy green.

While air’s nocturnal gholt, in paly ſhroud,
Glances with grieſly glare from cloud to cloud.

And gauzy zephyrs, fluttering o’er the plain,
On twilight’s boſom drop their filmy rain.

Unus inſtar omnium! This couplet ſtaggered me: I ſhould be loth to be found correcting a madman; and yet mere folly ſeems unequal to the production of ſuch exquisite nonſenſe.

2do.

—days of old

Their perith’d, proudeſt, pageantry unfold.

—nothing I deſcry.

But the bare boalt of barren heraldry.

—the huntreſs queen,

Showers her ſhafts of ſilver o’er the ſcene.

To theſe add, moody monarchs, radiant rivers,
cooling cataracts, lazy loires (of which, by the bye,

'Tis done. Her house the generous Piozzi
lends, 45

Et natalitia tandem cum fardonyche albus,

NOTES.

there are none), gay garonnes, gloomy glafs, mingling murder, dauntless day, lettered lightnings, delicious dilatings, sinking sorrows, rich reasonings, meliö-rating mercies, dewy vapours damp that sweep the silent swamp; and a world of others, to be found in the compafs of half a dozen pages.

3tio.

In phosphor blaze of genealogic line.

N. B. Written to "the turning of a brazen candlestick."

O better were it ever to be loft

In black negation's sea, than reach the coast.

This couplet may be placed to advantage under the first head.

Should the zeal of parliament be empty words.

——turn to France, and see

Four million men in arms for liberty.

——doom for a breath

A hundred reasoning hecatombs to death.

And thither summons her blue-stocking friends ;
 The summons her blue-stocking friends obey,
 Lur'd by the love of Poetry—and Tea.

The BARD steps forth in birth-day splendour
 drest,

His right hand graceful waving o'er his breast ; 50
 His left extending, so that all might see,

A roll inscrib'd " THE WREATH OF LI-
 BERTY."

*Sede legens celsa, liquido cum plasmate guttur
 Mobile collueris, patranti fractus ocello,*

NOTES.

A hecatomb is a sacrifice of a hundred head of oxen. Where did this gentleman hear of their *reasoning*?

Awhile I'll ruminate on time and fate ;
 And the most probable event of things——

EUGE, MAGNE POETA! Well may Laura Maria
 say,

That GENIUS glows in every classic line,
 And NATURE dictates——every thing that's
 thine.

So forth he steps, and with complacent air,
 Bows round the circle, and assumes the chair :
 With lemonade he gargles first his throat, 55
 Then sweetly preludes to the liquid note :
 § And now 'tis silence all. GENIUS OR MUSE*—
 Thus while the flowry subject he pursues,
 A wild delirium round th' assembly flies ;
 Unusual lustre shoots from Emma's eyes ; 60
 Luxurious Arno drivels as he stands ;
 And Anna frisks, and Laura claps her hands.

§ Hic neque more probo videas, neque voce serena
 Ingentes trepidare Titos, cum carmina lumbum

NOTES.

* GENIUS OR MUSE, whoe'er thou art, whose
 thrill

Exalts the fancy, and inflames the will,
 Bids o'er the heart sublime sensation roll,
 And wakes ecstatic fervour in the soul.

See the commencement of the Wreath of Liberty, where our great poet, with a dexterity peculiar to himself, has contrived to fill several quarto pages without a single idea.

O wretched man! And dost thou toil to
 please,
 At this late hour* such prurient ears as these?
 Is thy poor pride contented to receive 65
 Such transitory fame as fools can give?
 Fools who unconscious of the critic's laws,
 Rain in such show'rs their indistinct applause.
 That THOU, even THOU, who liv'st upon re-
 nown,
 And with eternal puffs insult'st the town, 70

Intrant, et tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima versu.
 'Tun' vetule auriculis alienis colligis escas?
 Auriculis quibus et dicas cute perditus ohe!

NOTES.

* I learn from Della Crusca's lamentations that he is declined into the vale of years; that the women say to him, as they formerly said to Anacreon, *Γερων ει* and that Love, about two years since,

" — tore his name from his bright page,
 And gave it to approaching age."

Art forc'd at length to check the idiot roar,
 And cry, " For heaven's sweet fake, no more, no
 " more !"

" But why (thou say'st) why am I learn'd, why
 " fraught

" With all the priest and all the sage have
 taught,

" If the huge mass, within my bosom pent, 75
 " Must struggle there, despairing of a vent ?"

¹ THOU learn'd ! Alas, for Learning ! She is
 sped.

And hast thou dimm'd thy eyes, and rack'd thy
 head

And broke thy rest for THIS, for THIS alone ?

And is thy knowledge nothing if not known ? 80

Quo didicisse, nisi hoc fermentum, et quæ semel
 intus

Innata est, rupto jecore exierit caprificus ?

En pallor, seniumque. ¹ O mores ! usque adeone

Scire tuum, nihil est, nisi te scire hoc, sciat alter ?

O fool, fool, fool!—^k But still, thou criest, 'tis
sweet

To hear “That’s HE!” from every one we
meet;

That’s he whom critic Bell declares divine,
For whom the fair diurnal laurels twine;
Whom Magazines, Reviews, conspire to praise, 85
And Greathead calls the Homer of our days.

F. And is it nothing, then, to hear our name
Thus blazon’d by the GENERAL VOICE of
fame?

P. Nay, it were every thing, did THAT dis-
pense

The sober verdict found by taste and sense. 90

But mark OUR jury. O’er the flowing bowl,
When wine has drown’d all energy of foul,

^k At pulchrum est digito monstrari, et dicier, Hic
est:

Ten cirratorum centum dictata fuisse
Pro nihilo pendes? Ecce inter pocula quærunt
Romulidæ saturi, quid dia poemata narrent.

Ere FARO comes (a dreary interval !)
 For some fond fashionable lay they call.
 Here the spruce ensign, tottering on his chair, — 95
 With lisping accent, and affected air,
 Recounts the wayward fate* of that poor poet,
 Who born for anguish, and dispos'd to shew it,

Hic aliquis, cui circum humeros hyacinthina
 læna est,
 Rancidulum quiddam balba de nare locutus,

NOTES.

* Recounts the wayward fate.—In the INTERVIEW (see the British Album) the lover finding his mistress inexorable, comforts himself, and justifies her, by boasting how well he can play the fool. And never did Don Quixote exhibit half so many extravagant tricks in the Sierra Morena, for the *beaux yeux* of his Dulcinea, as our distracted amoroso threatens to perform for the no less beautiful ones of Anna Matilda.

“ Yes, I will prove that I deserve my fate,
 Was born for anguish, and was form'd for hate ;
 With such transcendent woe will breathe my
 sigh,

“ That envying fiends shall think it ecstasy,” &c.

Did yet so awkwardly his means employ,
 That gaping fiends mistook his grief for joy. 100
 Lost in amaze at language so divine,
 The audience hiccup, and exclaim, " Damn'd
 fine !"

And are not now the author's ashes blest ?
 Now lies the turf not lightly on his breast ?
 Do not sweet violets now around him bloom ? 105
 Laurels now burst spontaneous from his tomb.

F. This is mere mockery : and (in your ear)
 Reason is ill refuted by a sneer.

Is praise an evil ? Is there to be found
 One so indifferent to its soothing sound, 110
 As not to wish hereafter to be known,
 And make a long futurity his own ;
 Rather than—

P.—With 'Squire Jerningham descend
 To pastry-cooks and moths, " and there an
 end !"

Phyllidas, Hypsipylas, vatum et plorabile si quid
 Eliquat, et tenero supplantat verba palato.

¹ O thou that deign'st this homely scene to
 share, 115
 Thou know'st when chance (*tho' this indeed be
 rare **)

Affensere viri. Nunc non cinis ille poetæ
 Felix? non levior cippus nunc imprimit ossa?
 Laudant convivæ nunc non e manibus illis,
 Nunc non e tumulo, fortunataque favilla.
¹ Quisquis es, O, modo quem ex adverbo dicere feci,
 Non ego, cum scribo, si forte quid aptius exit,
 Quando hoc rara avis est, si quid tamen aputius
 exit,
 Laudari metuam; neque enim mihi cornea fibra est:
 Sed recti finemque extremumque esse recuso

NOTES.

* To see how a Cruscan can blunder! Mr. Parsons thus politely comments on this unfortunate hemistich.

“Thou lowest of the imitating race,

“Thou imp of satire, and thou foul disgrace;

“Who callest *each* coarse phrase a lucky hit, &c.”

With random gleams of wit has grac'd my lays,
 Thou know'st too well how I have relish'd praise.
 Not mine the soul that pants not after fame—
 Ambitious of a poet's envied name, 120
 I haunt the sacred fount, athirst to prove
 The grateful influence of the stream I love.

And yet, my friend (though still at praise be-
 flow'd
 Mine eye has glisten'd, and my cheek has
 glow'd)

Nascentur violæ ? Rides, ait, et nimis uncis
 Naribus indulges : an erit, qui velle recuset
 Os populi meruisse ; et cedro digna locutus,
 Linquere nec scombros metuentia carmina, nec
 thus ?

NOTES.

Alas ! no : I call few of them so. But this is of a piece with his *qui-pro-quo* on the preface to the *Mæviad*—where, on my saying I had laid the poem aside for two years, he exultingly exclaims, “ So ! it was two years in hand then ! ”

Mr. P. is highly celebrated, I am told, for his skill in driving a bargain : it is to be presumed he does it with his spectacles on !

Yet when I prostitute the lyre to gain 125

The eulogies that wait each modish strain,

May the sweet Muse my groveling hopes with-
stand,

And tear the strings indignant from my hand ;

Nor think that, while my verse too much I prize,

Too much th' applause of fashion I despise ; 130

For mark to what 'tis given, and then declare,

Mean tho' I am, if it be worth my care.

Is it not given to Este's unmeaning dash,

To Topham's fustian, Colman's flippant trash,

To Andrews'* doggrel—where three wits com-
bine 135

To Morton's catch-word†, Greathead's idiot line, }

And Holcroft's Shug-lane cant, and Merry's
Moorfields whine‡. }

Euge tuum, & belle; nam belle hoc, excute
totum.

NOTES.

* Andrews.—Such is the reputation this gentleman has obtained for Epilogue writing, that the minor

^m Skill'd in one useful science at the least,
 The great man comes, and spreads a sumptuous
 feast :

Quid non intus habet ? Non hic est Ilias Atti
 Ebria veratro ; non si qua elegidia crudi
 Dictarunt procures ; non quidquid denique lectis
^m Scribitur in citreis : calidum scis ponere fumen,
 Scis comitem horridulum trita donare lacerna :
 Et verum, iniquis, amo ; verum mihi dicite de me,
 Qui pote ? vis dicam ? nugaris——

NOTES.

poets of the day, despairing of emulating, are now only solicitous of assisting him—happy if they can obtain admission for a couplet or two into the body of his immortal works, and thus secure to themselves a small portion of that popular applause so lavishly, and so justly bestowed on every thing that bears the signature of Miles Andrews ! See “ the PROLOGUE to the CURE FOR THE HEART ACH by Miles Andrews, and ASSISTANTS.

† Morton's catch-word.—WONDERFUL is the profundity of the Bathos ! I thought O'Keefe had reached the bottom of it : but as uncle Bowling says, I thought a d—n'd lie—for Holcroft, Reynolds, and

Then, when his guests behold the prize at stake, 140
 And thirst and hunger only are awake,

Vos, O patricius sanguis, quos vivere fas est
 Occipiti cæco, posticæ occurrere fannæ.

NOTES.

Morton, have sunk infinitely beneath him. They have happily found

In the *lowest* deep a *lower* still,

and persevere in exploring it with an emulation which does them honour.

Will posterity believe this facetious triumverate could think nothing more to be necessary to the construction of a play, than an eternal repetition of some contemptible vulgarity, such as *That's your fort! Hey, damme! What's to pay! Keep moving, &c.!* They will: for they will have blockheads of their own; who will found their claims to celebrity on similar follies. What, however, they will never credit is—that these drivellings of ideotism, these catch-words, should actually preserve their respective authors from being hissed off the stage. No, they will not believe that an English audience could be so befuddled, so brutified as to receive such senseless excla-

My friends, he cries, what do the galleries say,
 And what the boxes, of my last new play ?
 Speak freely, tell me all—come, be sincere ;
 For truth, you know, is music to my ear. 145
 They speak ? Alas, they cannot ! But shall I ;
 I who receive no bribe, who dare not lie ?

NOTES.

mations with bursts of laughter, with peals of applause. I cannot believe it myself; though I have witnessed it. *Haud credo*—if I may reverse the good father's position—*Haud credo, quia possibile est*.

‡ Merry's Moorfields' whine.—In a most wretched rhapsody of incomprehensible nonsense, addressed by this gentleman to Mrs. Robinson, which she in her *valuable* poems (page 100) calls a charming composition, abounding in lines of exquisite beauty, is the following rant :

Conjure up demons from the main
 Storms upon storms indignant heap,
 Bid ocean howl, and nature weep,
 Till the Creator *blush to see*
How horrible his world can be :
 While I will GLORY TO BLASPHEME,
 AND MAKE THE JOYS OF HELL MY THEME.

The reader, perhaps, wonders what dreadful event gave birth to these fearful imprecations. As far as I

This then—“that worfe was never writ before,
Nor worfe will be—till thou fhalt write once
more.”

“Blest be “two-headed Janus!” tho’ inclin’d, 150
No waggish stork can peck at him behind;
He no wry mouth, no lolling tongue can fear,
Nor the brisk twinkling of an afs’s ear.
But you, ye St. Johns, curs’d with one poor head,
Alas! what mockeries have not ye to dread! 155

“O Jane, a tergo quem nulla ciconia pinfit,
Nec manus auriculas imitata est mobilis albas,
Nec linguæ, quantum fitiat canis Apula, tantæ.

NOTES.

can collect, it was—the aforesaid Mrs. Robinson’s
not opening her eyes!!! Surely it is most devoutly to
be wished that these poor creatures would recollect,
amidst their frigid ravings, and common-place extra-
vagancies, that excellent maxim of POPE—

“Persist, by nature, reason, taste, unaw’d;

“But learn, ye DUNCES, not to scorn your GOD.”

° Hear now our guests :—The critics, Sir! they
cry—

Merit like yours the critics may defy.

But this indeed they say—“ Your varied rhymes,
At once the boast and envy of the times,
In every page, song, sonnet, what you will, 160
Shew boundless genius, and unrivall'd skill.

If comedy be yours, the searching strain
Gives a sweet pleasure, so chastis'd by pain,
Than e'en the guilty at their sufferings smile,
And blest the lancet, tho' they bleed the while. 165

° Quis populi fermo est? quis enim, nisi carmina
molli

Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per leve severos
Effundat junctura ungues—

Sive opus in mores, in luxum, in prandia regum,

Dicere res grandes nostro dat Musa poetæ.

Ecce modo heroas sensus afferre videmus

Nugari solitos Græcè, nec ponere lucum

If tragedy, th' impassion'd numbers flow
 In all the sad variety of woe,
 With such a liquid lapse, that they betray
 The breast unwares, and steal the soul away."

Thus fool'd, the moon-struck tribe, whose best
 essays

170

Sunk in acrostics and in roundelays,
 To loftier labours now pretend a call,
 And bustle in heroics, one and all.
 E'en Bertie burns of gods and chiefs to sing—
 Bertie who lately twitter'd to the string

175

His namby-pamby madrigals of love,
 In the dark dingles of a glittering grove,
 Where airy lays,* woven by the hand of morn,
 Were hung to dry upon a cobweb thorn!!!

Artifices, nec rus faturum laudare.—Euge, poeta!

NOTES.

* Where airy lays, &c.

" Was it the shuttle of the morn

" That hung upon the cobweb'd thorn

Happy the soil where bards like mushrooms
rise, 180

And ask no culture but what Byſhe ſupplies !

Happier the bards who, write whate'er they will,

Find gentle readers to admire them ſtill !

Some love the verſe that like Maria's flows

No rubs to ſtagger, and no ſenſe to poſe ; 185

Which read, and read, you raiſe your eyes in
doubt,

And gravely wonder what it is about.

Theſe fancy " BELL'S POETICS" only ſweet,

And intercept his hawkers in the ſtreet ;

Eſt nunc Briſæi quem venoſus liber Acci

Sunt quos Pacuviusque, et verrucoſa moretur

Antiopa, ærumnis cor luſtificabile fulta.

NOTES.

" Thy airy lay ? Or did it riſe,

" In thouſand rich enamell'd dyes,

" To greet the noon-day fun," &c.

BELL'S ALBUM, vol. ii.

There, smoaking hot, inhale * MIT YENDA's
 strains, 190
 And the rank fume of TONY PASQUIN's brains.†

NOTES.

* MIT YENDA. This is Mr. Tim, alias Mr. Timothy Adney, a most pertinacious gentleman, who makes a conspicuous figure in the papers under the ingenious signature above cited ; being, as the reader already sees, his own name read backward. “ Gentle dulness ever loves a joke !”

Of his prodigious labours I have nothing by me but the following stanza, taken from what he calls his Poor Man :

Reward the bounty of your generous hand,
 Your head each night in comfort shall be *laid*,
 And plenty smile throughout your fertile land,
 While I do hasten to the silent *grave*.

“ Good morrow, my worthy masters and mistresses all ; and a merry Christmas to you.”

I find I have been guilty of a misnomer. Mr. Adney having politely informed me, since the above was written, that his christian name is not Timothy but Thomas. The Anagram in question, therefore must be MOT YENDA ; omitting the *H euphoniæ gratia* ; I am happy in an opportunity of doing justice to so correct a gentleman, and I pray him to continue his valuable labour.

Others, like Kemble, on black letter pore,
And what they do not understand, adore ;

NOTES.

† TONY PASQUIN.—I have too much respect for my reader to affront him with any specimens of this man's poetry, at once licentious and dull beyond example : at the same time I cannot resist the temptation of presenting him with the following stanzas, written by a friend of mine, and sufficiently illustrative of the character in question :

TO ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

Why dost thou tack, most simple Anthony,
The name of *Pasquin* to thy ribbald strains ?
Is it a fetch of wit, to let us see
Thou, like that statue, art devoid of brains ?

But thou mistak'st : for know, tho' Pasquin's head
Be full as hard, and near as thick, as thine ;
Yet has the world admiring on it read
Many a keen gibe, and many a sportive line.

While nothing from thy jobbernowl can spring
But impudence and filth ; for out, alas !
Do what we will, 'tis still the same vile thing,
Within, all brick-duft—and without, all brass.

Buy at vast fums the *traff* of ancient days,
 And draw on prodigality for praise. 190
 These, when some lucky hit, or lucky price,
 Has blest'd them with "*The Boke of good ad-
 vice,*"

Hos pueris monitus patres infundere lippos
 Cum videas, quærisque unde hæc fartago lo-
 quendi

NOTES.

Then blot the name of PASQUIN from thy page :
 Thou seest it will not thy poor riff-raff sell.
 Some other wouldst thou take ? I dare engage
 JOHN WILLIAMS, or Tom Fool, will do as
 well.

TONY has taken my friend's advice, and now sells
 or attempts to sell " his riff-raff " under the name of
 JOHN WILLIAMS.

It has been represented to me, that I should do
 well to avoid all mention of this man; from a
 consideration that one so lost to every sense of decen-
 cy and shame, was a fitter object for the Beadle

For *ekes* and *algates* only deign to seek,
And live upon a *whilome* for a week *.

And can we when such mope-eyed dolts are
plac'd 200

By thoughtless fashion on the throne of taste—

Venerit in linguas ? unde istud dedecus ?——

Fur es, ait Pedio. Pedius quid ? crimina rasis

NOTES.

than the Muse. This has induced me to lay aside a second castigation which I had prepared for him, though I do not think it expedient to omit what I had formerly written.

HERE on the rack of Satire let him lie,
Fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy.

One word more. I am told there are men so weak as to deprecate this miserable object's abuse, and so vain, so despicably vain, as to tolerate his praise—for such I have nothing but pity;—though the fate of Hastings, see the “Pin-basket to the Children of Thespis,” holds out a dreadful lesson to the latter—but should there be a man, or a woman—however high their rank—base enough to purchase the venal pen of this miscreant for the sake of tra-

Say, can we wonder whence this jargon flows,
 This motley fustian, neither verse nor prose,
 This old new language that defiles our page,
 The refuse and the scum of every age? 205

Librat in antithetis ; doctas posuisse figuras
 Laudatur ; bellum hoc. Hoc bellum ? An Ro-
 mule ceves ?

NOTES.

ducing innocence and virtue ; then—I was about to — — ; but 'tis not necessary : the profligate cowards who employ Antony can know no severer punishment than the support of a man whose acquaintance is infamy, and whose touch is poison.

* Others like Kemble, &c.—Tho' no great Catalogue hunter, I love to look into such marked ones as fall in my way. That of poor Dood's books amused me not a little. It exhibited many instances of BLACK LETTER mania ; and, what is more to my purpose, a transfer of much "trash of ancient days," to the fortunate Mr. Kemble. For example.

First part of the tragicall Raigne of Seli-	£.	s	d
mus Emperour of the Turks - - -	1	11	6

Lo, Beaufoy * tells of Afric's barren sand
In all the flow'ry phrase of fairy land :

NOTES.

	£.	s.	d.
Jacob and Esau, a Mery and Whittie			
Comedie - - - - -	3	5	0
Look About You, a comedie - - - - -	5	7	6
The tragedie of T. Nero, Rome's Greatest			
Tyraunte, &c. &c. - - - - -	1	4	0
How are we ruined !			

* Lo ! Beaufoy, &c.—“ The feet are *accommodated* with shoes, †, and the head is *protected* by a—woollen nightcap.”

AFRICAN ASSOCIATION, p. 139.

† Shoes.—By your leave, master critic, here is a small oversight in your quotation. The gentleman does not say their feet are accommodated with *shoes*, but with *slippers*. For the rest, *accomodate*, as I learn, is a scholar-like word, and a word of exceeding great propriety. *Accommodate* ! it comes from *accommodo* : that is, when a man's feet are, as they say, arcommodated ; or when they are—being—whereby they may be thought to be accommodated : which is an excellent thing.

PRINTER'S DEVIL.

There Fezzan's thrum-capp'd tribes, Turks,
Christians, Jews,

Accommodate, ye gods ! their feet with shoes.

There *meagre* shrubs *inveterate* mountains
grace, 210

And *brushwood* breaks the *amplitude of space*.

Perplex'd with terms so vague and undefin'd,

I blunder on ; till wilder'd, giddy, blind,

Where'er I turn, on clouds I seem to tread ;

And call for Mandeville to ease my head. 215

Oh for the good old times ! When all was new,
And every hour brought prodigies to view,

Our fires in unaffected language told

Of streams of amber, and of rocks of gold :

NOTES.

“ From this scene of gladsome contrast, i. e. from the mountain of Zillau (p. 288), whose rugged sides are marked with scanty spots of brushwood, and enriched with stores of water, to the long ascent of the broad rock of Gerdobah (p. 289), from whose inflexible barrenness little is to be got—from this scene, I say, of gladsome contrast to the *inveterate* mountains of Gegogib, &c.”

Full of their theme, they spurn'd all idle art, 220
And the plain tale was trusted to the heart.

Now all is changed ! We fume and fret, poor
elves ;

Less to display our subject, than ourselves :

Whate'er we paint—a grot, a flow'r, a bird,

Heavens, how we sweat, laboriously absurd ! 225

Words of gigantic bulk, and uncouth sound,

In rattling triads the long sentence bound ;

While points with points, with periods periods

jar,

And the whole work seems one continued war !

Is not THIS sad ?

F. “ 'Tis pitiful, God knows, 230

“ 'Tis wondrous pitiful.” E'en take the prose ;

But for the poetry—oh, that my friend,

I still aspire—nay, smile not—to defend.

NOTES.

“ In the long course of a seven-days passage, the traveller is scarcely sensible that a few spots of thin and *meagre* brushwood slightly interrupt the vast expanse of sterility, and diminish the amplitude of desolation ! ! !”

• You praise our fires, but, though they wrote
with force,

Their rhymes were vicious, and their diction
coarse ; 235

We want their *strength* : agreed. But we atone
For that, and more, by *sweetness* all our own.

For instance—" * Hasten to the lawny vale,
" Where yellow morning breathes her saffron
gale,

" And bathes the landscape—"

P. Pshaw ! I have it here : 240

" A voice seraphic grasps my listening ear :

" Wond'ring I gaze ; when lo ! methought afar,

" More bright than dauntless day's imperial star,

" A godlike form advances."

• Sed numeris decor est, et junctura addita
crudis.

NOTES.

* Hasten, &c.—This and the following quotation are taken from the "Laurel of Liberty," a work on which the great author most justly rests his claims to immortality.

F. You suppose
These lines perhaps too turgid; what of
those? 245

“THE MIGHTY MOTHER”⁹—

P. Now 'tis plain you sneer,
For * Weston's self could find no semblance
here.

Weston! who flunk from truth's imperious light,
Swells like a filthy toad, with secret spite,

Ut ramale vetus prægrandi fubere coctum.
Claudere sic versum didicit Berecynthius Atys,
Et qui cæruleum dirimebat Nerea Delphin.
Sic costam longo subduximus Appennino.
“⁹ Arma virum” nonne hoc spumofum et cortice
pingui?

NOTES.

* Weston.—This indefatigable gentleman has been attacking the moral character of Pope in the Gentleman's Magazine, with all the virulence of Gildon, all the impudence of Smedley, and all the ignorance of Curl and his associates.

And, envying the fair fame he cannot hope, 250
 Spits his black venom at the dust of Pope.
 Reptile accurs'd!—O memorable long,
 If there be force in virtue or in song,
 O injur'd bard! accept the grateful strain,
 That I, the humblest of the tuneful train, 255
 With glowing heart, yet trembling hand repay
 For many a pensive, many a sprightly lay:
 So may thy varied verse, from age to age,
 Inform the simple, and delight the sage!

NOTES.

What the views of the immaculate Sylvanus may be, in standing cap in hand, and complacently holding open the door of the temple, for near two years, to this * “ execrable” Erostratus, I know not. He cannot sure be weak enough to suppose an obscure scribbler like this has any charges to bring against our great poet, that escaped the vigilant malevolence of the Westons of the Dunciad. Or if ever, from the natural goodness of his heart, he cherished so laudable a supposition, he ought (whatever it may cost him) to forego it: when, after twenty months, nothing is produced but an exploded accusation taken from the

* Such is the epithet applied to Pope by the virtuous indignation of this amiable traducer of worth and genius!

While canker'd Weston, and his loathsome
rhymes, 260

Stink in the nose of all succeeding times !

Enough^r. But where (for these, you seem to say,
Are samples of the high, heroic lay) 260

Where are the soft, the tender strains, that call
For the moist eye, bow'd head, and lengthen'd
drawl ? 266

^r Quidnam igitur tenerum & laxa cervice legendum ?

NOTES.

most common edition of the Dunciad ; which, as nothing but Westonian rancour could first make, so nothing but Westonian stupidity can now revive.

It has been suggested to me, that this nightman of literature designs to reprint as much as can be collected of the heroes of the Dunciad.—If it be so, the dirty work of traducing Pope may be previously necessary ; and prejudice itself must own, that he has shewn uncommon penetration in the selection of the blind and outrageous mercenary now so laboriously employed in it.

Whatever be the design, the proceedings are by no means inconsistent with the plan of a work which

Lo! here——“ *Canst thou, Matilda, urge my
fate,

“ And bid me mourn thee?—yes, and mourn too
late!

“ O rash, severe decree! my maddening brain

“ Cannot the ponderous agony sustain ;

Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,

Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo

Bassaris——

NOTES.

may not unaptly be styled THE CHARNEL-HOUSE OF REPUTATION, and which from the days of Lauder to the present, has delighted to asperse every thing venerable amongst us—which accused Swift of lust, and Addison of drunkenness; which insulted the ashes of Toup while they were yet warm, and gibbeted poor Henderson alive; which affected to idolize the great and good Howard, while idolatry was painful to him; and the moment he fell, gloriously fell, in the exercise of the most sublime virtue, attempted to stigmatise him as a brute and a monster!

* Canst thou Matilda, &c. (vide Album, vol. ii.)—Matilda! “ nay then, I’ll never trust a madman again.” It was but a few minutes since, that Mr. Merry died for the love of Laura Maria; and now is

“ But forth I rush, from vale to mountain
run, 270

“ And with my mind’s thick gloom obscure the
fun.”

* Heavens! if our ancient vigour were not fled,
Could VERSE like this be written or be read?

VERSE! THAT’S the mellow fruit of toil intense,
Inspir’d by genius, and inform’d by sense; 275

THIS, the abortive progeny of Pride

And Dulness, gentle pair, for aye allied;

Begotten without thought, born without pains,

The ropy drivel of rheumatic brains.

* Hæc fierent, si testiculi vena ulla paterni

Viveret in nobis? summa delumbe faliva,

Hoc natat in labris: et in udo est Mænas et Atys;

Nec pluteum cædit, nec demorfos sapit ungues.

NOTES.

he going to do the same thing for the love of Anna Matilda?

What the ladies may say to such a swain, I know not; but certainly he is too prone to run wild, die, &c. &c. Such indeed is the combustible nature of this gentleman,

F. 'So let it be: and yet, methinks, my
 friend, 280
 Silence were wise, where fatigue will not mend.
 Why wound the feelings of our noble youth,
 And grate their tender ears with odious truth?
 They cherish *Arno, and his flux of song,
 And hate the man who tells 'em they are
 wrong. 280

' Sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere vero
 Auriculas? vide sis, ne majorum tibi forte

NOTES.

that he takes fire at every female signature in the papers: and I remember, that when Olaudo Equiano, (who, for a black, is not ill-featured) tried his hand at a soft sonnet, and by mistake subscribed it *Olauda*, Mr, Merry fell so desperately in love with him, and "yelled "out such syllables of dolour" in consequence of it, that "the pitiful hearted" negro was frightened at the mischief he had done, and transmitted in all haste the following correction to the editor—"For *Olauda*, please to read *Olaudo*, the black MAN."

* Of this *spes altera Romæ*, this second hope of the age, the following stanzas will afford a sufficient specimen. They are taken from a ballad which

Thy fate already I foresee. My Lord
 With cold respect will freeze thee from his board ;
 And his Grace cry, " Hence with your sapient
 sneer !

" Hence! we desire no curriish critic here."

Limina frigescent : sonat hic de nare canina

NOTES.

Mr. Bell, an admirable judge of these matters, calls a " very mellifluous one ; easy, artless, and unaffected."

*Gently o'er the rising billows
 Softly steals the bird of night,
 Rustling thro' the bending willows ;
 Fluttering pinions mark her flight.*

*Whither now in silence bending,
 Ruthless winds deny thee rest ;
 Chilling night-dews fast descending
 Glisten on thy downy breast.*

*Seeking some kind hand to guide thee,
 Wistful turns thy fearful eye ;
 Trembling as the willows bide thee,
 Shelter'd from th' inclement sky.*

The story of this poor owl, who was at one and the same time at sea and on land, silent and noisy,

P. Enough. ^f Thank heaven ! my error now
 I see,
 And all shall be divine henceforth for me :

Litera. ^f Per me equidem sint omnia protinus alba,

NOTES.

sheltered and exposed, is continued through a few more of these “ mellifluous ” stanzas : which the reader, I doubt not, will readily forgive me for omitting ; more especially if he reads the ORACLE, a PAPER honoured—as the grateful editor very properly has it—by the effusions of this “ artless ” gentleman above all others.

N. B. On looking again, I find the owl to be a Nightingale.—N’importe.

It was said of Theophilus Cibber (I think by Goldsmith), that as he grew older, he grew never the better. Much the same (*mutatis mutandis*) may be said of the gentlemen of the Baviad. After an interval of two years, I find the “ mellifluous ” ARNO celebrating Mrs. Robinson’s Novel in strains like these :

Yes, Andrew's doggrell, Greathead's idiot line,
And Morton's catch-word, all, forsooth, di-
vine ! 290

F. 'Tis well. Here let th' indignant stricture
cease,

★ And LEEDS at length enjoy his fool in peace.

Nil moror: euge, omnes, omnes bene miræ
critis res.

Hoc juvat: hic iniquis, veto quisquam faxit
oletum.

NOTES.

For the ORACLE.

SONNET to Mrs. ROBINSON,

Upon reading her VANCENZA.

WHAT never-ceasing Music ! From the throne
Where sweetest SENSIBILITY enshrin'd
Pours out her tender triumphs, all alone
To every murmuring breeze of passing wind !

P. Come then, around their works a circle
draw,

And near it plant the dragons of the law ;
With labels writ, " Critics far hence remove, 295
" Nor dare to censure what the great approve."
I go. & Yet Hall could lash with noble rage
The purblind patron of a former age,

Pinge duos angues: pueri, facer est locus, extra
Mejite; & discedo: secuit Lucilius urbem,

NOTES.

O, blest with all the lovely lapse of Song,
That bathes with purest balm the soften'd breast,
I see thee urge thy Fancy's course along
The solemn glooms of GOTHIC piles *unblest*.

VANCENZA rises—o'er her time-touch'd spires
GUILT *unreveal'd* hovers with killing dew,
Frustrates the fondness of the VIRGIN's fires,
And bares the *murd'rous* CASKET to her view.

The thrilling pulse creeps back upon each Heart,
And HORROR lords it by thy fascinating Art.

ARNO.

Et vitula TU dignus, et HÆC ! The Novel is wor-
thy of the Poetry ; the Poetry of the Novel.

And laugh to scorn th' eternal sonneteer
 Who made goose-pinions and white rags so dear.
 Yet Oldham in his rude, unpolish'd strain, 301
 Could hiss the clamorous, and deride the vain,
 Who bawl'd their rhymes incessant thro' the
 town,
 Or brib'd the hawkers for a day's renown.
 Whate'er the theme, with honest warmth they
 wrote, 305
 Nor car'd what Mutius of their freedom thought :
 Yet prose was venial in that happy time,
 And life had other business than to rhyme.

^b And may not I—now this pernicious pest,
 This metromania, creeps thro' every breast ; 310
 Now fools and children void their brains by loads,
 And itching grandams spawl lascivious odes ;

Te Lupe, te Muti, & genuinum fregit in illis.

^b Men' mutire nefas, nec clam, nec cum scrobe ?

Nusquam.

Hic tamen infodiam. Vidi, vidi ipse, libelle :

Now lords and dukes, curs'd with a sickly taste,
While Burns' pure healthful nurture runs to
waste,

Lick up the spittle of the bed rid muse, 315
And riot on the sweepings of the stews ;
Say, may not I expose—

F. No—'tis unsafe.

Prudence my friend.

P. What ! not deride, not laugh ?
Well ! thought at least is free—

F. O yet forbear.

P. Nay, then, I'll dig a pit, and bury there
The dreadful truth that so alarms thy fears : 320
THE TOWN, THE TOWN, GOOD PIT, HAS
ASSES EARS !

Thou think'st perhaps, this wayward fancy
strange ;
So think thou still ; yet would not I exchange

Auriulas afini Mida rex habet. Hoc ego oper-
tum,

Hoc ridere meum tam nil, nulla tibi vendo

The secret humour of this simple hit 325

For all the Albums that were ever writ.

Of this no more. O THOU (if yet there be

One bosom from this vile infection free),

THOU who canst thrill with joy, or glow with
ire,

As the great masters of the song inspire 330

Canst hang enamour'd o'er the magic page,

Where desperate ladies desperate lords engage,

Gnomes, Sylphs, and Gods the fierce contention
share,

And heaven and earth hang trembling on a hair ;

Canst quake with horror while Emilia's charms

Against a brother point a brother's arms, 335

And trace the fortune of the varying fray,

While hour on hour flits unperceived away—

Iliade. Audaci quicunque afflate Cratino,

Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum fene palles,

Aspice & hæc, si forte aliquid decoctius audis.

Approach : 'twixt hope and fear I wait. O deign
 To cast a glance on this incondite strain : 340
 Here, if thou find one thought but well exprest,
 One sentence higher finish'd than the rest,
 Such as may win thee to proceed awhile,
 And smoothe thy forehead with a gracious smile,
 I ask no more. ⁱ But far from me the throng, 345
 Who fancy fire in Laura's vapid song,
 Who Anna's bedlam-rant for sense can take,
 And over * Edwin's mewlings keep awake ;

Inde vaporata lector mihi ferveat aure,

ⁱ Non hic, qui in crepidas Graiorum ludere gestit,
 Sese aliquem credens, Italo quod honore supinus

NOTES.

* *Edwin's Mewlings, &c.*)—We come now to a character of high respect, the profound Mr. T. Vaughan, who, under the alluring signature of Edwin, favours us from time to time with a melancholy poem on the death of a bug, the flight of an earwig, the miscarriage of a cock-chaffer, or some other event of equal importance.

Yes, far from me, whate'er their birth or place,
 These long-ear'd judges of the Phrygian race, 350

Fregerit heminas—

NOTES.

His last work was an *Επιταφίον* (blessings on his learning!), which I take for granted means *an Epitaph*, on a mouse that broke her heart: and, as it was a matter of great consequence, he very properly made the introduction as long as the poem itself. Hear how gravely he prologifeth:

On a tame mouse, which belonged to a lady who saved its life, constantly fed it, and even wept, poor lady! at its approaching death. The mouse's eyes actually dropped out of its head, poor mouse! THE DAY BEFORE IT DIED.

Ἐπιταφίον.

This feeling mouse whose heart was warm'd
 By Pity's purest ray,
 Because her Mistress dropt a tear,
 Wept both her eyes away.

By sympathy depriv'd of light,
 She one day's darkness tried;

Their censure and their praise alike I scorn,
And hate the laurel by their followers worn!

NOTES.

*The grateful tear no more could flow,
So lik'd it not, and died.*

May we when others weep for us,
The debt with int'rest pay—
And, when the gen'rous fonts are dry,
Revert to native clay.

EDWIN.

Mr. T. Vaughan has asserted that he is not the author of this matchless *Επιταφίον*, with such spirit, and retorted upon one Baviad (whom without all controversy the learned gentleman takes to be a man) with such strength of argument, and elegance of diction, that I should wrong both him and the reader, to give it in any words but his own.

“ Well said, Baviad the correct!—And so the **PROFOUND** Mr. T. Vaughan, as you politely style him, writes under the alluring signature of Edwin, does he? and therefore a very proper subject for your satiric malignity!—But suppose for a moment, as the *truth* and the *fact* is, that this gentleman never did use that signature upon any occasion, in whatever he may have written: Do not you the identical Baviad,

Let such, a task congenial to their powers,
At sales and auctions waste the morning hours,

His mane edictum, post prandia Calliroën do.

NOTES.

in that case, for your unprovoked abuse of him, immediately fall under your own character of that Nightman of Literature you so liberally assign Weston? And like him too, if there is any truth in what you say or write, do you not

Swell like a filthy toad with secret spite?

The eyes have it. And should you not be as well versed in your favourite Author's Fourth Satire, as you are in the First, with your leave, I will *quote* from it *two* emphatic lines:

- " Into themselves how few, how few descend,
- " And act, at home, the free impartial friend!
- " None see their own, but all with ready eye
- " The pendent wallet on a neighbour spy;
- " And like a Baviad will recount his shame,
- " Tacking his *very errors* to his name."

ORACLE, 12th Jan.

Wile the dull noon away in Christie's fane, 355
 And snore the evening out at Drury lane ;
 Lull'd by the twang of Bensley's nasal note,
 And the hoarse croak of Kemble's foggy throat.

NOTES.

And, to *whose* name should they be tacked, but the author's? Let not the reader, however, imagine the absurdity to proceed from Persius, or his ingenious translator. "The truth and the fact is," that our learned brother, having a small change to make in the two last lines, blundered them with his usual acuteness into nonsense. He is not much more happy when he calls WESTON "the Nightman of Literature." But when a gentleman does not know what he writes, it is a little hard upon him to expect he should know what he reads.—After all Edwin or not, our egregious friend is still the PROFOUND Mr. T. Vaughan.

THE

MÆVIAD.

Qui BAVIUM non odit, amet tua carmina MÆVI.

THE

W. E. L. B. T.



THE W. E. L. B. T. is a collection of the most valuable and interesting documents and manuscripts of the W. E. L. B. T. and is a valuable addition to the collection of the W. E. L. B. T.

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IN the INTRODUCTION to the preceding pages, I have given a brief account of the rise and progress of that spurious species of poetry, which lately infested this metropolis, and gave occasion to the BAVIAD.

I was not ignorant of what I exposed myself to, by the publication of that work. If abuse could have affected me, I should not probably have made a set of people my enemies, habituated to ill language, and possessed of such convenient vehicles* for its dissemination. But

* Most of these fashionable writers were connected with the public prints. Della Crusca was a worthy

I never regarded it from such hands ; and, indeed, deprecated nothing but their praise. I respect, in common with every man of sense, the censure of the wise and good : but the angry ebullitions of folly unmasked, and vanity mortified, pass by me, “ like the idle wind ;” or, if noticed, serve merely to grace some succeeding edition of the Baviad.

I confess, however, that the work was received more favourably than I expected. Bell, indeed, and a few others, whose craft I had touched, vented their indignation in prose, and verse : but, on the whole, the clamour against me was not loud ; and was lost by insensible degrees in the applauses of such as I was truly ambitious to please.

coadjutor of the mad and malignant idiot who conducted the World. Arno, and Lorenzo, were either proprietors or editors of another paper. Edwin and Anna Matilda, were favoured contributors to several, and Laura Maria from the sums she squandered on puffs, could command a corner in all.

Thus supported, the good effects of the satire (gloriosè loquor) were not long in manifesting themselves. Della Crusca appeared no more in the Oracle, and, if any of his followers ventured to treat the town with a soft sonnet, it was not, as before, introduced by a pompous preface. Pope and Milton resumed their superiority ; and Este and his coadjutors, silently acquiesced in the growing opinion of their incompetency, and shewed some sense of shame.

With this I was satisfied. I had taken up my pen for no other end : and was quietly retiring, with the idea that I had “ done the state some service ;” and purposing to abandon for ever the cæstus, which a respectable critic fancies I wielded “ with too much severity” ; when I was once more called into the lists*, by the re-appearance of some of the scattered enemy.

NOTES.

* I hope no one will do me the injustice to suppose that I imagine myself another Hercules, contending with Hydras, &c. Far from it. My enemies

It was not enough that the stream of folly flowed more sparingly in the Oracle than before ; I was determined

To have the current in *that place* damm'd up ;
And accordingly began the present poem—for which, indeed, I had by this time other reasons. I had been told that there were still a few admirers of the Cruscan school, who thought the contempt I shewed for it not sufficiently justified by the few passages I had produced. To silence these

NOTES.

cannot well have an humbler opinion of me, than I have of myself ; and yet “ if I am not ashamed of them, I am a foused gurnet.” Mere pecora inertia ! The contest is without danger, and the victory without glory. At the same time I declare against any undue advantage being taken of these concessions. Though I knew the impotence of these literary Askaparts, the town did not : and many a man, who now affects to pity me for wasting my strength upon unresisting imbecility, would, not long since, have heard their poems with applause, and their praises with delight.

objections therefore, I thought it best to exhibit the tribe of Bell once more ; and, as they passed in review before me, to make such additional extracts* from their works, as should put their demerits beyond the power of future question.

I remembered that this gentleman in his excellent remarks on the Baviad, had charged the author with “ bespattering *nearly* all the poetical eminence of the day.” Anxious, therefore, to do impartial justice, I ran for the ALBUM, to discover whom I had spared. Here I read, “ In this collection are names whom Genius will ever look upon as its *best* supporters ! Sheridan”—— what is “ SAUL also among the Prophets !— Sheridan, Merry, Parsons, Cowley, Andrews, Jerningham, Colman, Topham, Robinson, &c.”

NOTES.

* I know it will said that I have done it, usque ad nauseam. I confess it ; and for the reason given above. And yet I can honestly assure the reader, that most, if not all, of the trash I have quoted, passed with the authors for superlative beauties ; every second word being printed either in italics, or capitals.

Thus furnished with “all” the poetical eminence of the day, I proceeded, as Mr. Bell says, to bespatter it; taking for the vehicle of my design, a Satire of Horace—to which I was led by its supplying me (amidst many happy allusions) with an opportunity, I was not unwilling to seize, of briefly noticing the present wretched state of dramatic poetry*.

NOTES.

* I know not if the stage has been so low, since the days of Gammar Gurton, as at this hour. It seems as if all the blockheads in the kingdom had started up, and exclaimed, *una voce*, Come! let us write for the theatres. In this there is nothing, perhaps altogether new; the striking and peculiar novelty of the times seems to be, that ALL * they write is received. Of the three parties concerned in this business, the writers and the managers seem the least cul-

* I recollect but two exceptions. Merry’s idiotical Opera, and Mrs. Robinson’s more idiotical Farce. To have failed where O’Keefe succeeded, argues a degree of stupidity scarcely credible. Surely “ignorance itself is a planet” over the heroes and heroines of the Baviad!

When the MÆVIAD (so I call the present poem) was nearly brought to a conclusion, I laid it aside. The times seemed unfavourable to such productions. Events of real importance were momentarily claiming the attention of the public; and the still voice of the muses was not likely to be listened to amidst the din of arms. After an

NOTES.

pable. If the town will have husks, extraordinary pains need not be taken to find them any thing more palatable. But what shall we say of the town itself! The lower orders of the people are so brutified by the lamentable follies of O'Keefe, and Cobbe, and Pillon, and I know not who—Sardi venales, each worse than the other—that they have lost all relish for simplicity and genuine humour; nay, ignorance itself, unless it be gross and glaring, cannot hope for “their most sweet voices.” And the higher ranks are so mawkishly mild, that they take with a placid simper whatever comes before them; or, if they now and then experience a slight fit of disgust, have not resolution enough to express it, but sit yawning and gaping in each others faces for a little encouragement in their pitiful forbearance.

interval of two years, however, circumstances, which it is not material to mention, have induced me to finish, and trust it, without more preface, to the candour to which I am already so highly indebted for the warm reception of the Baviad.

I should here conclude this introduction, already too long ; were it not for the sake of noticing the strange inconsistency of the town. I hear that I am now breaking butterflies upon wheels ! There was a time (it was when the Baviad first appeared) that these butterflies were Eagles, and their obscure and defultory flights, the object of universal envy and admiration. They are yet so with too many : and surely no one can wish another to continue under the infatuation from which himself is happily free, for want of a little additional exertion !

THE

MÆVIAD.

YES, I DID say that Crusca's * "true sublime"
Lacked taste, and sense, and every thing but
rhyme ;

IMITATIONS.

HORACE, Sat. 10. Lib. 1.

V. 1. Nempe incompósito dixi pede currere
versus

NOTES.

* Crusca's "true sublime." The words between
inverted commas in this, and the following verses,

That Arno's "easy strains" were coarse and
rough,
And Edwin's "matchless numbers" woeful stuff.

IMITATIONS.

Lucilî. Quis tam Lucilî fautor inepte est,
Ut non hoc fateatur ?

NOTES.

are Mr. Bell's. They contain, as the reader sees, a short character of the works to which they are respectively affixed. Though I have the misfortune to differ from this gentleman in the present instances, yet I observe such acuteness of perception in his general criticism, that I should have styled him the "profound" instead of the "gentle" Bell; if I had not previously applied the epithet to a still greater man, (*absit invidia dicto*) to—Mr. T. Vaughan.

I trust this incidental preference will create no jealousy—for though, as Virgil properly remarks, "An oaken staff EACH merits;" yet I need not inform a gentleman, who, like Mr. Bell, reads Shakespeare every day after dinner, that "if two men ride upon a horse, one of them must ride behind."

And who—forgive, O gentle Bell! the word, 5
 For it must out—who, prithee, so absurd,
 So mulishly absurd, as not to join
 In this with me; save always THEE, and
 THINE!

Yet still, the SOUL of candour! I allow'd
 Their jingling elegies amused the croud; 10
 That lords and dukes hung blubbering o'er each
 line,

That lady-critics wept, and cried “divine!”
 That love-lorn priests reclined the pensive head,
 And sentimental ensigns, as they read,
 Wiped the sad drops of pity from their eye, 15
 And burst between a hiccup and a sigh.

IMITATIONS.

V. 10, &c. ——— At idem quod sale multo
 Urbem defricuit, charta laudatur eadem.

Nec tamen hoc tribuens dederim quoque cætera :
 nam sic

Et Laberî minos, ut pulchra poemata mirer.

Yet, not content, like horfe-leeches they come,
 And split my head with one eternal hum
 For “ more! more! more!” Away! For
 should I grant
 The full, the unreserved applause, ye want, 20
 St. John * might then my partial voice accuse,
 And claim my suffrage for his tragic muse ;

IMITATIONS.

V. 17. The horfe-leech has two daughters,
 crying, “ Give! give!”

PROVERBS.

NOTES.

* St. John, &c. Having already observed in the Introduction that the Mæviad was nearly finished two years since, and consequently before the death of this gentleman; I have only to add here, that though I should not have introduced into it any of the heroes of the Baviad, quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis, atque Latina, yet I scarce think it necessary to make any changes for the sake of omitting such as have passed ad plures, in the interval between writing and publishing.

And Greathead *, rising from his short disgrace,
 Fling the forgotten " Regent" in my face ;
 Bid me my censure, as I may, deplore,
 And like my brother critics cry " Encore !"

NOTES.

The reader will find (v. 235) another instance of my small pretensions to prophecy; and probably regret it more than the present.

* Greathead's Regent. Of this tragedy, which was recommended to the world in more than one respectable publication, as "the work of a SCHOLAR," I want words to express my opinion. The plot of it was childish, the conduct absurd, the language unintelligible, the thoughts false and confused, the metaphors incongruous, the general style groveling and base, and, to sum up all in a word, the whole piece the most execrable abortion of stupidity that ever disgraced the stage.

It is to be wished that Reviewers, sensible of the influence their opinions necessarily have on the public taste, could divest themselves of their partialities, when they sit down to the execution of, what I hope they consider as, their solemn duty. We should not then find them, as in the instance before us, recommending a work to favour, deserving universal reprobation and contempt.

Alas, my learned friends ! for learn'd ye are,

IMITATIONS.

V. 27. Ergo non fatis est risu diducere rictum
Auditoris ; & est quædam tamen hic quoque
virtus.

NOTES.

This is perhaps requiring too much ; as it supposes them not possessed of the feelings of other men. And yet—on considering the importance of the office they have assumed, and the good or evil they have the means of dispensing—I have on more than one occasion lamented that they were

“ No more but even mortals, and commanded
By such poor passions as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.”

It is but fair to observe, however, that Mr. Parsons has added his all-sufficient suffrage to that of the Reviewers, in favour of Mr. Greathead's abilities.

“ O bard ! to whom belongs
Each purest fount of poesy !

As Bell will say, or, if ye ask it, fwear ;

NOTES.

Who old Ilyssus' hallowed dew
In his own Avon dares infuse.
O favoured clime ! O happy age !
That boasts to save a sinking stage"
A Greathead !!!

Gent. Mag.

When I read these, and other high founding praises, scattered over Reviews, Magazines, Newspapers, and I know not what, without having seen any thing but the Regent ; I was naturally led to suspect that Mr. G. had succeeded better in his smaller pieces, and thus justified in some degree the cry of his " learning, &c." But no. All was a blank !

Here follow a few samples of the " Ilyssian dew infused by Mr. Greathead into his own Avon"—muddled, I suppose, and debased by the home-bred streamlets of one Shakespeare.

" In fuller presence we descry
Mid mountain rocks—a deity
Than eye of man shall e'er behold
In living grace of *sculptur'd* gold *

'Tis not enough (though this be somewhat too,

NOTES.

I would give something to know this "learned gentleman's" idea of sculpturing. In the Regent, he talks of a "Sculptor's kneading docile clay !!!"

More matter for a May morning!

ODE ON APATHY.

"Accurs'd be dull lethargic Apathy,
Whether at eve she listless ride
In sluggish car by tortoise drawn—
With mimic air of senseless pride,

She feebly throws on all her withering sight,
While too observant of her sway
Unmark'd her droning subjects lie,
Alike to her who murmur or obey.

I hope the reader understands it.

* Mr. Parsons says "these lines are not Greathead's." But they are published with his name in the Album; which exclusive of their stupidity, is sufficient authority for me. If our doughty critic chooses to take them to himself, I can have no objection; for, after all, pugna est de paupere regno!

And more perhaps* than Jerningham can do)

NOTES.

ODE TO DUEL.

“ Never didst thou appear
While Tiber’s sons gave law to all the world;
Yet much they loved to desolate and slaughter,
Carthage attest my words
To glut their sanguinary rage,
Not citizens but gladiators fall.
Slavery and vassalage,
And savage broils, ’twixt nobles are no more.
Vanish thou likewise ”——

And these are ODES, good heavens! “ After the manner of Pindar,” I take for granted.

But enough of Mr. G. whom I hesitate not to pronounce, with all his “ scholarship,” as ignorant a man as any in the three kingdoms. I have only to add, that I am actuated by no personal dislike of Mr. G.; for I can say with the greatest truth (what indeed I can of all the heroes of the *Mæviad*) that I have not the slightest knowledge of him. But the daws have strutted too long: it is more than time to strip them of their adventitious plumage; and if, in doing it, I shall pluck off any feathers which originally belonged to them, they have only to thank their own vanity, or the forwardness of their injudicious friends.

* And more perhaps than Jerningham can do.—
No; Mr. Jerningham has lately written a Tragedy

'Tis not enough to dole out Ahs ! and Ohs !

NOTES.

and a Farce ; both extremely well spoken of by the Reviewers, and both gone to the “ pastry-cooks.”

I thought I understood something of faces ; but I must read my Lavater over again I find. That a gentleman with the “ *physiognomie d'un mouton qui rêve*,” should suddenly start forth a new Tyrtæus, and pour a dreadful note thro' a cracked war-trump, amazes me—Well ; *FRONTI NULLA FIDES* shall henceforth be my motto !

In the pride of his heart Mr. J. has taken the instrument from his mouth, and given me a smart stroke on the head with it : this is fair,

Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis.

He has also levelled a deadly blow at a gentleman, who most assuredly never dreamed of having our Drawcansir for an antagonist : this, though not quite so fair, is not altogether unprecedented ;

An eagle towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at !

There is a trait of scholarship in Mr. Jerningham's last poem, which should not be overlooked ; more

Through Kemble's thorax*, or through Bensley's
nose ;

NOTES.

especially as it is the only one. Having occasion to mention " Agave and her *infant* *," he subjoins the following explanation: " Alluding to Agave, who in a dilirium flew her *child*. See Ovid." No, I'll take Mr. Jerningham's word for it, though I had twenty Ovids before me.

* Kemble's thorax * * * hiatus valde deflendus
* * * But why mention Mr. Bensley? Why not? Is not Mr. Bensley a public man, and his snuffling an object of public concern? But Mr. Bensley is a good man; and perfect in every duty of life. I am glad of it from my soul; and, if I were on the topic of private virtues, would be the first to praise him. But this is from the purpose. While I only follow the fair ground of public criticism, I know of no statute, political or moral, which forbids my saying to Mr. Bensley, or any other man whose nose I dislike,

Exi

Jam gravis es nobis, & sæpe emungeris; Exi
Ocyus & propera—

* See his " Peace, Ignominy, and Destruction," Page 15.

To fill our stage with scaffolds, or to fright
 Our wives with rapes, repeated thrice a night,
 JUDGES——Not such as self-created, fit 35
 On that TREMENDOUS BENCH* which skirts the
 pit,
 Where idle Thespis nods, while Arnot dreams
 Of Nereids “purling in ambrosial streams ;” 40

NOTES.

* When this was written, (which was while the Opera House was used for plays) the “learned justicers” here enumerated, together with others *not yet taken*, were accustomed to flock nightly to this BENCH, from which the unlettered vulgar were always scornfully repelled with an ΟΥΔΕΙΣ. ΑΜΟΥΣΟΣ.

I have not heard whether the New Theatre be possessed of such a one: I think not; for critics are no more gregarious than spiders. Like them, they might do great things in concert, but, like them too, they usually end with devouring one another.

† Arno. The dreams of this gentleman, which continue to make their appearance in the Oracle, un-

Where Este in rapture cons fantastic airs,
 “ Old Pistol new-revived” in Topham stares,
 And Boswell, aping with preposterous pride
 Johnson’s worst frailties, rolls from side to side,
 His heavy head from hour to hour erects, 45
 Affects the fool, and is what he affects *——
 JUDGES of truth and sense, yet more demand :
 That art to nature lend a helping hand !

NOTES.

der the name of Thespis, are not always of Nereïds. He dreamed one night that Mr. Pope played Posthumus with less spirit than usual ; and it was Mr. Johnson singing Grammachre ! Another night, that the Mourning Bride might have been better cast, and lo ! it was the Comedy of Errors that was played !!!

This was rather unfortunate : but the reader must have already observed, from the strange occupations of these “ self-created judges” (which I have faithfully described) that, sleeping or waking, they were attentive to every thing but what passed before their eyes.

* Pauper videri Cotta vult, et est pauper !

That fables well devised, be simply told,
Correct if new, and probable if old.

When Mason leads Elfrida forth to view,
Adorn'd with virtues which she never knew,
I feel for every tear ; while born along
By the full tide of unresisted song,
I stop not to enquire if all be just,
But take her goodness, as her grief, on trust ;
'Till calm reflection checks me, and I see
The heroine as she was, and ought to be,
A bold, bad woman, wading to the throne
Thro' seas of blood, and crimes till then un-
known :

60

Then, then I hate the magic that deceived,
And blush to think how fondly I believed *.

NOTES.

* Mr. Parsons' note on this passage is—" Did you BELIEVE ! Could you possibly be so ignorant ?"—Even so. But I humbly conceive Mr. Mason, who seduced my unsuspecting youth, is equally culpable with myself. There is also one William Shakef-

Not so, when Atheling*, made in some strange
plot

The hero of a day that knew him not,

NOTES.

peare, who, I am ready to take my oath, is a notorious offender in this way; having led not only me, but divers others, into the most gross and ridiculous errors; making us laugh, cry, and I know not what, for persons whom we ought to have known to be mere non-entities.

But Mr. Parsons has happily obtained an obdurate and impassible head: let him, therefore, "give God thanks, and make no boast of it." He is a wise and a wary reader, and follows the most judicious *Bottom*, who, having like himself, too much sagacity to be imposed upon by a feigned character, was laudably anxious to undeceive the world. "No," quoth he, "let him thrust his face through the lion's neck, and say, If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life—no, I am no such thing: I am a man, as other men are;—and then, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly that he is *SNUG* the joiner."

* Atheling. See the Battle of Hastings. A tragedy in which Mr. Cumberland has contrived with

Struts from the field his enemy had won, 65

On stately stilts, exulting and undone !

Here I can only pity, only smile ;

Where not one grace, one elegance of style,

Redeems the audacious folly of the rest,

Truth sacrificed, and history made a jest. 70

Let this, Ye Crusicans*, if your heads be
made

“ Of penetrable stuff,” let this persuade

Your husky tribes their wanderings to restrain,

Nor hope what taste and Maſon failed to gain.

matchleſs dexterity, to introduce every abſurdity of every kind.

* Ye Crusicans !

O voi, che della CRUSCA vi chiamate
Come quei che farina non avendo
Di QUELLA a tutto paſto vi ſaziate !—

Then let your style be brief, your meaning
 clear, 75
 Nor, like Lorenzo*, tire the labouring ear
 With a wild waste of words; found without
 sense,
 And all the florid glare of impotence.

IMITATIONS.

V. 75. Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia,
 neu se
 Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures;
 Et sermone opus est modo tristi sæpe jocofo.

NOTES.

* Lorenzo. "A lamentable tragedy by Della Crusca, mixed full of pleasant mirth." The house laughed a-good at it; but Mr. Harris cried sadly. Here is another instance, if it were wanted, of the bad effects of prostitute applause. Could this gentleman, if his mind had not been previously warped by the eternal puffs of Bell and his followers, have supposed, for a moment, that a knack of stringing together "hoar hills" and "ripling rills," and "red skies glare" and "thin, thin air," qualified a man for writing tragedy!

Still with your characters your language change, 80
 From grave to gay, as nature dictates range ;
 Now droop in all the plaintiveness of woe,
 Now in glad numbers light and airy flow,
 Now shake the stage with guilt's alarming tone,
 And make the aching bosom all your own ;
 Now——But I sing in vain ; from first to last, 85
 Your joy is fustian, and your grief bombast :
 Rhetoric has banished reason ; kings and queens
 Vent in hyperboles their royal spleens ;
 Guardsmen in metaphors express their hopes,
 And maidens in white linen howl in tropes. 90

Reverent I greet the bards of other days.

Blest be your names ! and lasting be your praise !
 From nature's varied face ye wisely drew,
 And following ages owned, the copies true.

IMITATIONS.

V. 91. Illi scripta quibus comœdia prisca
viris est

Hoc stabant, hoc sunt imitandi——

O! had our fots, who rhyme with headlong
 haste, 95

And think reflection still a foe to taste,
 But brains your pregnant scenes to understand,
 And give us truth, tho' but at second hand,
 'Twere something yet! But no; they never
 look——

Shall souls of fire, they cry, a tutor brook? 100
 Forbid it inspiration! Thus your pain
 Is void, and ye have lived for them in vain;
 In vain for Crusca, and his skipping school,
 Cobbe, Reynolds, Andrews, and that Nobler
Fool;

IMITATIONS.

V. 103. ——— quos neque pulcher
 Hermogenes unquam legit, nec finius iste,
 Nil præter Calvum doctus cantare Catullum.

Who nought but Laura's* tinkling trash ad-
 mire, 105
 And the mad jangle of Matilda's* lyre.

NOTES.

* Laura's tinkling trash, &c. I had amassed a world of this "tinkling trash" for the behoof of the reader; but having fortunately for him, mislaid it, and not being disposed to undertake again the drudgery of wading through Mr. Bell's collections, I can only offer him the little that occurs to my memory. Of this little, the merits must be shared among Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Cowley, and Mr. Merry.

Et vos, O Lauri, carpam, & te proxima, Myrte,
 Sic positæ quoniam suaves miscetis odores.

O let me fly
 Where greenland darkness drinks the beamy
 sky!

But oh! beware how thou dost fling
 Thy *bot pulse* o'er the quivering string!!!

Pluck from their dark and rocky bed
 The yelling demons of the deep,
 Who soaring o'er the comet's head,
 The bosom of the welkin sweep.

But Crusca still has merit, and may claim
No humble station in the ranks of fame ;

IMITATIONS.

V. 107. At magnum fecit, quod verbis Græca
Latinis

Miscuit.

NOTES.

And when the jolly full moon laughs,
In her clear zenith to behold
The envious stars withdraw their gleams of
gold,
’Tis to thy health she stooping quaffs
The sapphire cup that fairy zephyrs bring ! ! !

On considering these and the preceding lines, I was tempted to indulge a wish that the blue-stocking club would issue an immediate order to Mr. Bell, to examine the cells of Bedlam. Certainly, if an accurate transcript were made from the “darken’d walls” once or twice a quarter, an ALBUM might be presented to the fashionable world, more poetical, and far more rational, than any they have lately honoured with their applause.

He taught us first the language to refine,
To croud with beauties every sparkling line ; 110

NOTES.

Why does thy stream of *sweetest* song
Foam on the mountain's murmuring side,
Or through the vocal covert glide!

I heard a tuneful phantom in the wind,
I saw it watch the rising moon afar
Wet with the weeping of the twilight star.—

The pilgrim who with *tearful* eye shall view
The moon's wan lustre in the midnight dew,
Sooth'd by her light.—

This is an admirable reason for his crying:—but what ! Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire. Mr. Bell is in raptures with it, and very properly recommends it to the admiration of Merry, as being the production of “ a congenial soul.” There is also another judicious critic, one Dr. Tasker (should it not be Dr. Trufler ?) who has given a decided opinion, it seems, in favour of this lady's abilities ; which may console her for the sneers of fifty such envious scribblers as the author of the Baviad.

And first you shall hear what Mrs. Robinson says of Dr. Tasker.—“ The *learned* and *ingenious* Dr.

Old phrases with new meanings to dispense,
Amuse the fancy, and —— Confound the sense :

NOTES.

Tasker, in the third volume of his *elegant* and *critical* works, has PRONOUNCED some of Mrs. Robinson's poems superior to those of Milton on the same subject, particularly her address to the nightingale ! The praises of so *competent* and *disinterested* a judge STAMPS celebrity that neither time nor envy can obliterate !!!

Oracle, Dec. 10.

Next you shall hear what Dr. Tasker says of Mrs. Robinson.

“ In antient Greece by two fair forms were seen
Wisdom's stern goddess, and Love's smiling queen,
Pallas presided over arms and arts,
And Venus over gentle virgins' hearts,
But now both powers in one fair form combine,
And in famed Robinson united shine.

This lady, equally celebrated in the polite and literary circles, has honoured Mr.—Lo ! the Dr. is dwindled into plain Mr.—has honoured Mr. Tasker's poetical and other productions with high and distinguished marks of her approbation !”

Exeter Paper, Jan. 16.

O, void of reason ! Is it thus you praise
A linsy-woolsy song, framed with such ease,

IMITATIONS.

V. 113—116. — O feri studiorum ! quine
putetis

Difficile et mirum, RHODIO quod PITHOLEONTI
Contigit.

NOTES.

Why this is the very song of Prodicus η χεῖρ τῆν
χεῖρα κνιζει— for the rest, I trust my readers will
readily subscribe to the praises these most “ compe-
tent and disinterested judges” have reciprocally la-
vished on each other.

But allons,

—My hand at night’s fell noon
Plucks from the tresses of the moon
A sparkling crown of silv’ry hue,
Besprent with studs of frozen dew !

On the dizzy *height* inclined
I *listen* to the passing *wind*
That loves my *mournful song* to seize,
And bears it to the *mountain breeze*.

Such vacancy of thought, that every line 115
 Might tempt e'en VAUGHAN to whisper, " THIS
 is mine !

NOTES.

Here we find that listening to the wind, and singing to it are one and the same thing ; and that—but I can make nothing of the rest.

When in black obtrusive clouds
 The chilly moon her pale cheek shrouds,
 I mark the twinkly starring train
 Exulting glitter in her wane,
 And proudly gleam their borrowed light
 To gem the sombre dome of night.

What an admirable observer of nature is this great poetess ! The star *twinkling* in a cloudy night, and *gleaming* its BORROWED lustre is superlative. I had almost forgot to observe that these, and the preceding lines, are taken from the Ode to the Nightingale ; so superior, in the reverend judgment of Dr. Tasker, to one of a Mr. John Milton on the same subject.

——the lightning's rays

Leap through the night's scarce pervious gloom,
 Attracted by——(what, for a ducat ?)
 Attracted by the roses bloom ! ! !

VAUGHAN! well remembered. He good
 man complains
 That I affixed his name to Edwin's* strains :

NOTES.

Let but thy lyre impatient seize
 Departing twilight's filmy breeze,
 That winds the enchanting chords among
 In lingering labyrinths of song.—

See in the clouds its mast the proud bark laves,
 Scorning the aid of ocean's humble waves!

From this it appears that Mrs. Cowley fancies proud
 barks float on their masts. It is proper to mention
 that the vessel takes such extraordinary state on her-
 self, because she carries Della Crusca!

———— from a young grove's shade
 Whose infant boughs but mock the expecting
 glade!!!

Sweet sounds stole forth, upborn upon the gale,
 Press'd thro' the air, and broke upon the vale;

Then silent walked the breezes of the plain,
 Or soared aloft, and seiz'd the hovering strain.—

Della Crusca.

The force of folly can no farther go!

'Tis just—for what three kindred souls have
done,

Is most unfairly charged, I ween, on one. 120

Pardon, my learned friend! With wat'ry eyes

Thy growing fame to truth I sacrifice ;

NOTES.

* Edwin's strains. If the reader will turn to the conclusion of the Baviad, he will find a delicious *Επιταφιον* on a tame mouse, by this learned gentleman. As it seemed to give universal satisfaction, I embrace with pleasure the opportunity of laying before him another effusion of the same exquisite pen.

It will be found, I flatter myself, not less beautiful than the former, and will serve admirably to prove that the author, though ostensibly devoted to Elegy, can, on a proper occasion, assume an air of gaiety, and be "profound" with ease, and instructive with elegance.

Εδουν προλογίζει.

"On the circumstance of a mastiff's running furiously sad dog! towards two young ladies, and upon coming up to them, becoming instantly gentle good dog! and tractable."

To many a sonnet call thy claims in doubt,
 And "at one entrance shut thy glory out."
 Yet MEWL thou still. Shall my lord's dor-
 mouse die, 125
 And low in dust without a requiem lie!
 No, MEWL thou still: and while thy d--'s join,
 Their melancholy fymphonies to thine,

NOTES.

Tantum ad narrandum argumentum est benignitas.

" When Orpheus took his *lyre* to hell
 To fetch his rib away,
 On that same thing he pleas'd so well,
 That devils learn'd to play.

Besides in books it may be read,
 That whilst he swept the *lute*
 Grim Cerb'rus hung his savage head,
 And lay astoundly mute.

But here we can with justice say
 That nature rivals art,

My righteous verse shall labour to restore
 The well-earned fame it robbed them of be-
 fore. 130

EDWIN, whatever elegies of woe
 Drop from the gentle mouths of Vaughan and
 Co.

To this or that, henceforth no more confined,
 Shall, like a furname, take in all the kind.

Right! cry the brethren. When the heaven-
 born muse 135

Shames her descent, and for low earthly views,
 Hums o'er a beetle's bier the doleful stave,
 Or sits chief mourner at a May-bug's grave,
 Satire should scourge her from the vile employ,
 And bring her back to friendship, love, and
 joy. 140

NOTES.

He *sang* a mastiff's rage away,
 You look'd one thro' the heart."

Fecit EDWIN.

But spare Cefario¹, Carlos , Adelaide³,

NOTES.

¹ Cefario. In the Baviad (p. 48) there are a few stanzas of a most delectable ode to an owl. They were ascribed to Arno : nor was I conscious of any mistake, 'till I received a polite note from that gentleman, assuring me that he was not only not the author of them ; but (horeSCO referens) that he thought them “ execrable.” Mr. Bell, on the other hand, affirms them to be “ admirable.”

Who shall decide when doctors disagree ?

Be this as it may, I am happy to say that I have discovered the true author. They were written by Cefario ; and as I rather incline to Mr. Bell, pace Arnô dixerim, I shall make no scruple of laying the remainder of this “ mellifluous piece” before my reader.

“ Slighted love the *soul* subduing,
Silent sorrow *chills* the heart,
Treach'rous fancy still *pursuing*,
 Still *repels* the *poisoned* dart.

Soothing those fond *dreams* of pleasure
Pictur'd in the *glowing* breast,
Lavish of her sweetest *treasure*
Anxious fear is *charm'd* to rest.—

The truest poetess ! the truest maid !

NOTES.

Fearless o'er the whiten'd *billows*,
Proudly rise, sweet bird of night,
Safely through the bending *willows*
Gently wing thy *aery* flight.

CESARIO.

Though I flatter myself I have good sense and taste enough to see, and admire the peculiar beauties of this ode, yet a regard for truth obliges me to declare they are not original. They are taken (with improvements, I confess) from a most beautiful "song by a person of quality," in Pope's *Miscellanies*. This, though it detracts a little from Cesario's inventive powers, still leaves him the praise (no mean one) of having gone beyond that great poet, in what he probably considered as the *ne plus ultra* of ingenuity.

Venimus ad summum fortunæ ! Mr. Greathead equals Shakespeare, Mrs. Robinson surpasses Milton, and Cesario outdoes Pope in that very performance, which he vainly imagined so complete as to take away all desire of imitating, all possibility of excelling it !

O favoured clime ! O happy age !

Lorenzo⁴, Rueben⁵, spare : far be the thought

NOTES.

² Carlos. I have nothing of this gentleman (a most pertinacious scribbler in the Oracle) but the following "sonnet:" luckily, however, it is so ineffably stupid, that it will more than satisfy any reader but Mr. Bell's.

ON A LADY'S PORTRAIT.

Oft hath the poet hailed the breath of morn,
 That wakens nature with the voice of spring,
 And oft, when purple summer feeds the lawn,
 Hath fancy touched him with her procreant wing,
 Full frequent has he blest'd the golden beam
 Which yellow autumn glowing spreads around,
 And tho' pale winter press'd a paly gleam,
 Fresh in his breast was young description found—

I can copy no more—Job himself would lose all patience here. Instead, therefore, of the remainder of this incomprehensible trash, I will give the reader a string of judicious observations by Mr. T. Vaughan. "Bruyere says, he will allow that good writers are scarce enough, but adds, and justly, that good critics are equally so: which reminds our correspondent also of what the Abbé Trublet writes, speaking of professed critics,

Of interest, far from them. Unbribed, unbought,

NOTES.

where he *says*, if they were obliged to examine authors impartially.—there would be fewer writers in *this way*. Was this to be the liberal practice adopted by our modern critics, we should not see a BAVIAD —(Oons! who is this BAVIAD!)—falling upon men and things, that are much above his capacity, and seemingly for no other reason than because they are so.”

A Daniel come to judgment, yea, a Daniel! This is in truth the reason; and when Mr. Vaughan and his coadjutors will condescend to humble themselves to my understanding, I will endeavour to profit by their eloquent strictures.

³ Adelaide. And who is Adelaide? O feri studio-rum! “Not to know her argues yourselves unknown.” Hear Mr. Bell, the Longinus of Newspaper writers.

ADELAIDE.

“HE who is here addressed by the first lyric writer in the kingdom, must himself endeavour to repay a debt so highly honourable, if it can be done by verse! This Lady shall have the praise, which ought to be

They pour * from their big breast's prolific zone,

NOTES.

given by the COUNTRY!!! that of first discovering, and drawing out the *fine powers* of Arno and Della Crusca!"

"O thou whom late I watch'd while o'er thee hung
The orb, whose glories I so oft have sung,
Beheld thee while a *shower of beam*
Made night a lovelier morning seem," &c.

We might here dismiss this "first lyric writer of the age," who, from her flippant nonsense, appears to be Mrs. Piozzi; were it not for the sake of remarking, that whatever be the merit of "drawing out the fine powers of Arno" (which, it seems this ungrateful country has not yet rewarded with a statue) she must be content to share it with Julia. Hear her Invocation—but first hear Mr. Bell. "A most elegant compliment, which for generous esteem has been seldom equalled, any more than the muse which inspired it."

JULIA TO ARNO.

Arno! where steals thy dulcet lay
Soft as the evening's minstrel note,
Say, does it deck the rising day,
Or on the noon-tide breezes float!!!

A proud, poetic fervour, only known

NOTES.

Mrs. Robinson (for we may as well drop the name of Julia) has been guilty of a trifling larceny here; having taken from the Baviad without any acknowledgment, a delicious couplet which I flattered myself would never have been seen out of that poem—but so it is, that, like Pope,

——— write whate'er I will,
Some rising genius SINS up to it still.

This has nettled me a little, and possibly injured the great poetess in my opinion; for I have been robbed so often of late, that I begin to think with the old œconomist,

Οὐτὶς αἰοιδῶν λῶσθ' ὅς ἐξ ἐμεῦ οἴσεται ἔδεν.

For the rest, this “Invocation” called forth a specimen of Arno’s fine powers in the following *dulcet* lays.

ARNO TO JULIA.

Sure some dire star inimical to man
Guides to his heart the desolating fire,
Fills with contention only his brief span,
And rouzes him to murderous desire.

To souls like theirs'; as Anna's youth inspires,

NOTES.

'There are who sagely scan the tortured world,
And tell us war is but necessity,
That millions, by the great dispenser hurl'd,
Must suffer by this scourge, and cease to be.

Euge Poeta !

⁴ Lorenzo. Και πως εγω Σθενελος φαγοιμ'αν ρημα τι
Εις οξυς εμδαπιουμενον, η λευκας αλας——

Says a hungry wight in an old comedy. But I know of no seasoning, whatever, capable of making the insipid garbage of this modern Sthenelus palatable, even to the voracious appetite of the blue-stocking club: I shall therefore spare myself the disgust of producing it.

⁵ Reuben, whom I take to be Mr. Greathead in disguise, (it being this gentleman's fate, like Hercules of old, to assume the merit of all unappropriated prodigies) Reuben introduced himself to the WORLD by the following "Address to Anna Matilda."

As Laura's graces kindle fierce desires,

NOTES.

To thee a stranger dares address his theme,
 To thee, proud mistress of Apollo's lyre,
 One ray emitted from thy golden gleam,
 Prompted by love would set the world on fire!
 Adorn then love in fancy-tinctured vest,
 Camelion like, anon of various hue,
 By Penferoso, and Allegro dressed,
 Such genius claim'd when she Idalia drew.——

Anna Matilda, what could she less! found

—— this resuscitating praise
 Breathe life upon her dying lays,

Like “ the daisy which spreads her bloom to the
 moist evening ”!!! and accordingly produced a
 matchless “ adornment of love,” to the great con-
 tentment of the gentle Reuben.

But bard polite, quoth she, how hard the task
 Which with *such elegance* you ask!

Who could have thought these lines, the simple
 tribute of gratitude to genius, would have nearly
 occasioned “ a perdition of souls!” Yet so it was.
 They unfortunately roused the jealousy of Della

As Henriett——For heaven's sake ! not so fast.
 I too, my masters, ere my teeth were cast, 150.

NOTES.

Crusca " on the sportive banks of the Rhone."—
 One luckless evening

" When twilight on the western edge
 Had twined his hoary hair with fabling sedge,"

as he was " weeping" (for, like Master Stephen, these good creatures think it necessary to be always melancholy) at the tomb of Laura, he started, as well he might, at the accursed name of Reuben.

Hark ! quoth he,
 What cruel sounds are these
 Which float upon the languid breeze,
 Which fill my soul with jealous fear !
 Hah ! REUBEN is the name I hear.
 For him my *faithless* Anna, &c.

It is with no small regret I add, that the cold-blooded Bell has destroyed this beautiful fancy-scene with one stroke of his clownish pen. In a note on the above lines (Album, p. 134) he officiously informs us that Della Crusca knew " nothing of his rival, till he READ" detested word ! " his sonnet in the Oracle." O Bell ! Bell ! Is it thus thou humblest the strains of the sublime ! Surely we may say of thee what was not ill said of one of thy sisters,

Had learned, by rote, to rave of Delia's charms,
To die of transports found in Chloe's arms,
Coy Daphne with obstreperous plaints to woo,
And curse the cruelty of——God knows who.

IMITATIONS.

V. 150. Atqui Ego cum græcos facerem, na-
tus mare citra,
Verficulos, vetuit tali me voce Quirinus
Post mediam visus noctem, cum somnia vera.

NOTES.

Sed tu infulsa male et molesta vives,
Per quam non licet esse negligentem.

* They pour, &c.

——— I love so well

Thy soul's deep tone, thy thought's high swell,
Thy proud poetic fervour known,
But in thy breast's prolific zone.

Dell. Crus.

When Phœbus, (not the Power that bade thee
 write, 155

For he, dear Dapper! was a lying sprite)

One morn, when dreams are true, approached my
 side,

And, frowning on my tuneful lumber, cried,

“ Lo! every corner with soft sonnets crammed,

And high-born odes, “ works damned, or to be
 damned :” 160

And is THY active folly adding more

To this most worthless, most superfluous store?

O impotence of toil! thou mightest as well

Give sense to Este, or modesty to Bell.

Forbear, forbear: what tho’ thou canst not
 claim 165

The sacred honours of a POET’s name,

Due to the few alone, whom I inspire

With lofty rapture, with etherial fire!

Yet mayst thou arrogate the humble praise

Of reason’s bard, if, in thy future lays, 170

Plain sense, and truth, (and surely these are
thine)

Correct thy wanderings, and thy flights confine."

Here ceased the God, and vanished. Forth I
sprang

While in my ear the voice divine yet rang ;

Seized every rag and scrap, approached the
fire, 175

And saw whole ALBUMS in the blaze expire.

Then shame ensued, and vain regret, to have
spent

So many hours (hours which I yet lament,)

In thriftless industry ; and year on year

Inglorious rolled, while diffidence, and fear, 180

Represt my voice——unheard till ANNA came,

What ! throb'st thou YET, my bosom, at the
name ?

And chafed the oppressive doubts that round me
clung,

And fired my breast, and loosened all my tongue.

E'en then (admire, John Bell! my simple
ways) 185

No heaven, and hell, danced madly thro' my
lays,

No oaths, no execrations ; all was plain :

Yet, trust me, while thy "ever jingling train"

Chime their sonorous woes with frigid art,

And shock the reason and revolt the heart ; 190

My hopes, and fears, in nature's language drest,

Awakened love in many a gentle breast.

How oft, O DART ! what time the faithful
pair

Walked forth, the fragrant hour of eve to share,

On thy romantic banks, have my wild strains*, 195

(Not yet forgot amidst my native plains)

IMITATIONS.

V. 195. In sylvam non ligna feras infaniùs,
ac si

Magnas Græcorum malis implere catervas——

NOTES.

* Mr. Parsons is extremely angry at my "ostentatious intrusion" of the "Otium Divos" into the

While THOU hast sweetly gurgled down the vale,
Filled up the pause of love's delightful tale!

NOTES.

notes on this poem. What could I do? I ever disliked publishing my little modicums on loose pages—but I shall grow wiser by his example; and, indeed, am even now composing “one Riddle, two Rebusses, and an Acrostic, to a child at nurse,*” which will be set forth with all convenient speed. Meanwhile I am tempted to offend once more, and subjoin the only two of my “wild strains” that now live in my recollection. I can assure Mr. P. they were written on the occasions they profess to be—and the last of them at a time when I had no idea of surviving to provoke his indignation:

—— fed Cynaræ breves
Annos fata dederunt, me
Servatura diu.

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

Sweet flowers! that from your humble beds
Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And trust your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius' watry skies;

* See “ONE Epigram, Two Sonnets, and ONE Ode to a Boy at School, by W. Parsons, Esq.”

While, ever as she read, the conscious maid,
 By faltering voice, and downcast looks be-
 tray'd

200

NOTES.

Retire, retire! THESE tepid airs
 Are not the genial brood of May;
 THAT fun with light malignant glares,
 And flatters only to betray.

Stern Winter's reign is not yet past—
 Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
 On icy pinions comes the blast,
 And nips your root, and lays you low.

Alas, for such ungentle doom!
 But I will shield you; and supply
 A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
 A nobler bed on which to die.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
 Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
 And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
 O come, and grace my ANNA's breast.

Ye droop, fond flowers! But, did ye know
 What worth, what goodness there reside,
 Your cups with liveliest tints would glow,
 And spread their leaves with conscious pride.

Would blushing on her lover's neck recline,
And with her finger—point the tenderest line.

NOTES.

For there has liberal Nature join'd
Her riches to the stores of Art,
And added to the vigorous mind,
The soft, the sympathizing heart.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
O come and grace my ANNA's breast.

O! I should think,—that fragrant bed
Might I but hope with you to share,—
Years of anxiety repaid,
By one short hour of transport there.

More blest than me, thus shall ye live
Your little day; and when ye die,
Sweet flowers! the grateful muse shall give
A verse; the forrowing maid, a sigh.

While I alas! no distant date,
Mix with the dust from whence I came,
Without a friend to weep my fate,
Without a stone to tell my name.

But these are past : and, 'mark me, Laura !

time

That made what then was venial, now a crime,

NOTES.

WRITTEN TWO YEARS AFTER THE PRECEDING.

I wish I was where ANNA lies ;
 For I am sick of lingering here
 And every hour Affection cries,
 Go, and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could ! For when she died
 I lost my all ; and life has prov'd
 Since that sad hour a dreary void,
 A waste unlovely, and unlov'd.—

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
 Shall duly to her grave repair,
 And pluck the ragged moss away,
 And weeds that have “ no business there ? ”

And who with pious hand shall bring
 The flowers she cherish'd, snow-drops cold,
 And violets that unheeded spring,
 To scatter o'er her hallow'd mold ?

To more befitting cares my thoughts confined, 205
 And drove with youth, its follies from my mind.

NOTES.

And who, while memory loves to dwell
 Upon her name for ever dear,
 Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
 And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I DID IT; and would fate allow,
 Should visit still, should still deplore—
 But health and strength have left me now,
 And I alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,
 The last I offer at thy shrine;
 Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,
 And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
 Thy voice that might with music vie,
 Thy air, that every gazer took,
 Thy matchless eloquence of eye,

Thy spirits, frolicksome, as good,
 Thy courage, by no ills dismay'd,
 Thy patience, by no wrongs subdu'd,
 Thy gay good-humour—Can they “fade!”

Since then, while Merry, and his nurfelings die,
Thrill'd * by the liquid peril of an eye;

IMITATIONS.

V. 207. Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum
Memnona, dumque
Diffingit Rheni luteum caput, hæc ego ludo,
Quæ nec in æde sonent certantia, judice Tarpâ.—

NOTES.

Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye :

Cold turf, which I no more must view,
Dear name, which I no more must sigh,
A long, a last, a sad adieu !

* Thrilled, &c.

Bid the streamy lightnings fly,
In liquid peril from thy eye.

Dell. Crus.

Ne'er shalt thou know to sigh,
Or on a soft idea die,
Ne'er on a recollection gasp,
Thy arms——Ohe ! jam fatis est.

Anna Mat.

Gasp at a recollection, and drop down
 At the long streamy lightning of a frown ; 210
 I sooth, as humour prompts, my idle vein
 In frolick verse, that cannot hope to gain
 Admission to the Album, nor be seen
 In L——'s Review, or Urban's Magazine.

O, for thy spirit, Pope! Yet why? My
 lays, 215

That wake no envy, and invite no praise,
 Half-creeping, and half-flying, yet suffice
 To stagger impudence, and ruffle vice.
 An hour may come, so I delight to dream,
 When slowly wandering by thy sacred stream, 220
 Majestic Thames ! I leave the world behind,
 And give to fancy all th' enraptur'd mind.

An hour may come, when I shall strike the lyre
 To nobler themes : then, then, the chords inspire
 With thy own harmony, most sweet, most
 strong, 225

And guide my hand thro' all the maze of song !
 Till then, enough for me, in such rude strains
 As mother Wit can give, and those small pains

A vacant hour allows ; to range the town,
 And hunt the clamorous brood of Folly down ; 230
 Force every head, in Este's despite, to wear
 The cap and bells, by nature planted there,
 Muffle the rattle, seize the flavinging sholes,
 And drive them, scourged and whimpering, to
 their holes.

Burgoyne*, perhaps, unchill'd by creeping
 age, 235
 May yet arise, and vindicate the stage ;
 The reign of nature and of sense restore,
 And be whatever Terence was before.

IMITATIONS.

V. 235. Arguta meretrice potes, Davoque
 Chremeta
 Eludente senem, comis garrire libellos
 Unus vivorum, Fundani.—

NOTES.

- * Burgoyne. See the note on v. 21.

And you, too, whole Menander ! who combine
 With his pure language and his flowing line, 240
 The SOUL of Comedy ; may steal an hour
 From the fond chace of still-escaping power,
 The poet and the sage again unite,
 And sweetly blend instruction with delight.

And yet Elfrida's bard, tho' time has shed 245
 The snow of age too deep around his head ;
 Feels the kind warmth, the fervour, that inspired
 His youthful breast, still glow unchecked, un-
 tired :

And yet, tho' like the bird of eve, his song
 " Fit audience finds" not in the giddy throng ; 250
 The notes, tho' artful wild, tho' numerous chaste,
 Fill with delight the sober ease of taste,

But these, and more I could with honour name,
 Too proud to stoop, like me, to vulgar game,

IMITATIONS.

V. 245.

—molle atque facetum

Virgilio annuerunt gaudentes rure Camenæ.

Subjects more worthy of their daring chuse, 255
And leave at large the abortions of the muse.

Proud of their privilege, the innumerable spawn,
From bogs and fens, the mire of Pindus drawn,
New vigour feel, new confidence assume,
And swarm like Pharaoh's frogs in every room. 260

Sick of th' eternal croak which, ever near,
Beat like the death-watch on my tortured ear ;
And sure, too sure, that many a genuine child
Of truth and nature, checked his wood-notes
wild*,

NOTES.

* Checked his wood-notes wild. Σιωπησαντων κολοιων
ασονται κυκνοι. But this is better illustrated in a most
elegant fable of Lessing's, to which I despair of doing
justice in a translation.

Du zürnest, Liebling der Mufen, &c. &c.

Thou art troubled, darling of the Muses, thou art
troubled at the clamorous swarms of insects which
infest Parnassus. O hear from me what once the
nightingale heard from the shepherd.

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T. Stothard R.A. del.

A. Birrell sculp.

*Hence! in the name — I scarce had spoke, when lo
 Streams of outrageous sonnets, thick as snow,
 Flew round my head; yet, in my cause secure,
 "Pour on," I cried, "pour on, I will endure;" —*

Macriad. line 271.

Dear to the feeling heart—in doubt to win 265
 The vacant wanderer, midst th' unceasing din
 Of this hoarse rout ; I seized at length the wand ;
 Resolved, tho' small my skill, tho' weak my
 hand,

The mischief in its progress to arrest,
 And exorcise the foil of such a pest. 270

Hence ! in the name—I scarce had spoke,
 when lo !

Reams of outrageous sonnets*, thick as snow,

Sing then, said he to the silent songstress, one lovely evening in the spring, sing then, sweet nightingale ! Alas ! said the nightingale, the frogs croak so loud, that I have lost all desire to sing : dost thou not hear them ? I do, indeed, replied the shepherd—but thy silence alone is the cause of it.

“ There's comfort yet ! ”

* Reams of outrageous sonnets. Of these I have collected a very reasonable quantity, which I purpose

Flew round my head ; yet, in my cause secure
 “ Pour on,” I cried, “ pour on, I will endure.”—

NOTES.

to prefix to some future edition of the Mæviad, under
 the true classic head of

INSIGNIUM VIRORUM
 ALIQUOT TESTIMONIA

QUI

BAV : ET MÆV : INCLYTIS : AUCTORIS

MEMINERUNT.

Meanwhile I shall present the reader with the two first
 that occur, as a specimen of the collection.

SONNET I.

“ To the anonymous author of the Baviad, oc-
 casioned by his scurrilous, and most unmerited attack
 on Mr. Weston.

DEMON OF DARKNESS ! whofoe'er thou art,
 That dar'st assume the brighter angel's form,
 And o'er the peaceful vale impel the storm,
 With many a sigh to rend the *honest* heart,

What! shall I shrink, because the noble
train 275

Whose judgement I impugn, whose taste arraign,

NOTES.

Force from th' *unconscious* eye the tear to start,
And with just *pride* th' indignant bosom warm;
Avaunt! to where unnumber'd spirits swarm,
Foul and malignant as thyself, depart.
Genius of Pope descend, ye servile crew
Of imitators vile, intrude not!!! I appeal
To thee, and thee alone from outrage base,
Tell me tho' fair the forms his fancy drew,
Should'st thou the secrets of his heart reveal,
Would fame his memory crown, or cover with disgrace."

J. M.

Gent. Mag. Aug. 1792.

This poor driveller, who is stupid enough to be
Weston's admirer, and malignant enough to be his
friend, I take to be one Morley;* whom I now and

* I was right. Mr. Morley, who I understand is a clergyman, and who, like Mr. Parsons, exults in the idea of having

Alive, and trembling for their favourites' fate,
Pursue my verse with unrelenting hate!

NOTES.

then observe in the *Gent. Mag.* ushering his great

first attacked me, has since published a "TALE," the wit, or rather dullness of which, if I recollect right, consists in my being disappointed of a Living!

Here follow a few of the introductory lines which for poetry and pleasantry can only be exceeded by some of Mr. Parson's.

- " What if a little once I did abuse thee ?
- " Worse than thou hadst deserved I could not use thee.
- " For when I spied thy Satyr's cloven foot,
- " 'Tis very true, I took thee for a brute ;
- " And marking more attentively thy manners,
- " I since have wished thy hide were at the tanner's.
- " But if a man thou art, as some suppose,
- " Oh ! how my fingers itch to pull thy nose !
- " As pleased as Punch, I'd hold it in my gripe,
- " Till Parkinson had stuffed thee for a snipe !!!

It is rather singular that this still-born lump of insipidity should be introduced to the Bookseller under the auspices of DOCTOR PARR. If that respectable name was not abused

No :—save me from their PRAISE, and I can sit
 Calm, unconcerned, the butt of Andrew's wit, 280
 And Topham's sense ; perversely gay, can smile
 While Este, the zany, in his motley style,

NOTES.

prototype's doggrel into notice, with an importance truly worthy of it.

SONNET II.

To the execrable Baviad.

MONSTER OF TURPITUDE ! who seem'st inclined
 Through me to pierce with thy *impregnate* dart,

on the occasion, I can only say that politics, like misery,
 “ bring a man acquainted with strange bedfellows”!

For the rest, I will present Mr. Morley with a couple of lines, which, if he will get construed and seriously reflect upon, before he next puts pen to paper, may be of more service to him, than all the instruction, and all the encouragement, the Doctor, apparently, ever gave him :

Cur ego laborem notus esse tam pravè
 Cum stare gratis cum silentio possim !

Calls barbarous names ; while Bell and Boaden
 rave,
 And Vaughan, a brother blockhead's verse to
 fave,

IMITATIONS.

V. 283—288. Men' moveat cimex Pantilius?
 aut crucier, quod
 Vellicet absentem Demetrius? aut quod ineptus
 Fannius Hermoginis lædat conviva Tigelli?

NOTES.

The *fine-spun* NERVE of each *full bosom'd* mind,*
 And rock in *apathy*—the SENSITIVE heart,
 TREMBLE! for lo! MY ORACLE—*so famed*
 Shall RING each morn in thy ACCURSED ear
 A *griding* pang! so—when the GRECIAN MARE†
 Enter'd the *town*, old Pyramus exclaim'd

* Quere full-bottom'd ?

Printer's Devil.

† GRECIAN MARE. This has been *hitherto*, inaccurately
 enough, named the Trojan HORSE; and, indeed, I myself
 had nearly fallen into the unscholarlike error, when my

Toils day by day my character to draw, 285
 And heaps upon me every thing—but law.

NOTES.

I see! I see!—and *burl'd* his LIGHTNING spear,
 While Capaneus drew back HIS head—for fear,
 And *godlike** Alexander—gazing round,
 Unconscious of his victories—TO COME,
 Approach'd the monarch, and with *sobs* profound
 Explain'd th' *impending* wrath o'er Ilium's royal
 dome.

J. Bell.

learned friend Greathead convinced me (from Pope's emendations of Virgil, under the fantastic name of Scriblerus) that the animal in question was a MARE—She being *there* said to be *foeta armis*, armed with a fœtus. Let us hear no more, therefore of the Trojan HORSE.

The patronymick TROJAN is still more absurd. Homer expressly declares the Mare to have been produced by Pallas—*Palladis arte* : now Pallas was a GRECIAN Goddess, as is sufficiently manifest from her name, which is derived from *Παλλω* vibro.

J. Bell.

* Godlike ; that is, *θεοειδης*, from *θεο*, God, and *ειδης*, like. (Vide Hom.) Translators in general (I except a late

But do I then, (abjuring every aim)
 All censure flight, and all applause disclaim?
 Not so; where judgment holds the rod, I bow
 My humbled neck, awed by her angry brow; 290
 Where taste and sense approve, I feel a joy
 Dear to my heart, and mixed with no alloy.
 I write not to the modish herd: my days,
 Spent in the tranquil shades of letter'd ease,
 Ask no admiring stare from those I meet, 295
 No loud "that's HE!" to make their passage
 sweet.

NOTES.

one) are too inattentive to the compound epithets of this great poet. By why does Homer call Alexander Godlike, when he appears from Curtius Quintius's tedious gazette, in verse, to have had one shoulder higher than the other? My friend V——thinks it was purely to pay his court to him, in hopes of getting into his Will, or rather *into his* MISTRESSES. It may be so; but 'tis strange the absurdity was never noticed before.

Pleased to steal softly by, unmarked, unknown,
I leave the world to Holcroft, Pratt*, and
Vaughan.

NOTES.

* PRATT. This gentleman lately put in practice a very notable scheme. Having scribbled himself fairly out of notice, he found it expedient to retire to the continent for a few months—to provoke the enquiries of Mr. Lane's indefatigable readers.

Mark the ingratitude of the creatures! No enquiries were made, and Mr. Pratt was forgotten before he had crossed the channel. *Ibi omnis effusus labor.*—But what!

The mouse that is content with one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

Baffled in this expedient, he had recourse to another, and, while we were dreaming of nothing less, came before us in the following paragraph.

“ A few days since died, at Basle in Switzerland, the ingenious Mr. Pratt. His loss will be severely felt by the literary world; as he joined to the accomplishments of the gentleman the erudition of the scholar.”

Of these enough. Yet may the few I love,
 For who would sing in vain! my verse ap-
 prove ;

Chief thou, my friend! who, from my earliest
 years,

Hast shared my joys, and more than shared my
 cares.

IMITATIONS.

V. 300. — probat hæc Octavius, optimus
 atque

Fuscus : & hæc utinam Viscorum laudet uterque !

NOTES.

This was inserted in the London papers for several days successively. The country papers too “yelled out like syllables of dolour.” At length, while our eyes were yet wet for the irreparable loss we had sustained, came a second paragraph as follows.

Sure, if our fates hang on some hidden Power,
 And take their colour from the natal hour,
 Then, IRELAND*! the same planet on us
 rose ;

305

Such the strong sympathies our lives disclose !

NOTES.

“ As no event of late has caused a more general sorrow than the supposed death of the ingenious Mr. Pratt ; we are happy to have it in our power to assure his numerous admirers, that he is as well as they can wish, and (what they will be delighted to hear) busied in preparing his TRAVELS for the press.”

“ Laud we the Gods !”

* Here, on account of its connection with the person mentioned in the text, I shall take the liberty—*extremum hunc mihi concede*—of inserting the following “ Imitation,” addressed to him several years since. It was never printed : nor, as far as I know, seen by any but himself : and I transcribe it for the press, with mingled sensations of gratitude and delight, at the favourable change of circumstances we have BOTH experienced since it was written.

Thou knowest how soon we felt this influence
 bland,
 And fought the brook and coppice hand in hand,

NOTES.

TO THE
 REV. JOHN IRELAND.*

IMITATION OF HORACE.

LIB. II. ODE 16.

Otium Divos rogat, &c.

WHEN howling winds, and louring skies,
 The light, untimber'd bark surprize
 Near Orkney's boisterous seas ;
 The trembling crew forget to swear,
 And bend the knees, unused to prayer,
 To ask a little ease.

For ease the Turk, ferocious, prays,
 For ease the barbarous Russe—for ease,
 Which P——k could ne'er obtain ;
 Which Bedford lack'd amidst his store,
 And liberal Clive, with mines of ore,
 Oft bade for—but in vain.

* Now Vicar of Croydon in Surry, and Author of
*" Discourses on the Rejection of the Gospel by the Antient
 Jews and Greeks."*

And shap'd rude bows, and uncouth whistles
blew,

And paper kites (a last, great effort,) flew; 310

NOTES.

For not the liveried troop that wait
Around the mansions of the great,
Can keep, my friend, aloof;
Fear, that attacks the mind by fits,
And Care, that like a raven flits
Around the lordly roof.

“ O, well is he” to whom kind heaven
A decent competence has given!
Rich in the blessing sent;
He grasps not anxiously at more,
Dreads not to use his little store,
And fattens on content.

“ O well is he!” for life is lost,
Amidst a whirl of passions tost;
Then why, dear Jack, should man,
Magnanimous Ephemera! stretch
His views beyond the narrow reach
Of his contracted span!

Why should he from his country run,
In hopes, beneath a foreign sun,

And when the day was done, retired to rest,
Sleep on our eyes, and sunshine in our breast.

NOTES.

Serenèr hours to find ?
Was never man in this wild chace,
Who changed his nature with his place,
And left himself behind.

For, winged with all the lightning's speed,
Care climbs the bark, Care mounts the steed,
An inmate of the breast :
Nor Barca's heat, nor Zembla's cold,
Can drive from that pernicious hold,
The too-tenacious guest.

They, whom no anxious thoughts annoy,
Grateful, the *present* hour enjoy,
Nor seek the *next* to know ;
To lighten every ill they strive,
Nor, ere Misfortune's hand arrive,
Anticipate the blow.

Something must ever be amiss—
Man has HIS JOYS ; but perfect bliss

In riper years, again together thrown,
Our studies, as our sports before, were one.

NOTES.

Lives only in the brain :
We cannot all have all we want ;
And Chance, unasked, to THIS may grant
What THAT has begg'd in vain.

WOLF rushed on death in manhood's bloom,
PAULET crept slowly to the tomb ;
Here breath, *there* fame was given :
And that wise Power who weighs our lives,
By *contras*, and by *pros*,* contrives
To keep the balance even.

* In the earlier editions of this poem (which were printed during my absence from town) there was an enormous hallucination in this place—no less than a transposition of an R ! This very naturally called forth all the indignation of the lynx-eyed and learned Mr. Parsons, and he commented upon it in the following terms.

“ It would be endless to notice all the errors of this
“ presumptuous pedant, whose dullness is equal to his
“ impudence, his falshood and malignity ; and before he

Together we explored the stoic page 315
 Of the Ligurian, stern tho' beardless sage!

NOTES.

To THEE she gave two piercing eyes,
 A body——just of Tydeus' size.
 A judgment sound, and clear;
 A mind with various science fraught,
 A liberal soul, a thread bare coat,
 And forty pounds a year.

“ makes a parade of greek quotations against such a writer
 “ as Edwin *, he should at least learn latin; but in this
 “ every merchant's clerk will detect him.”

* Our Aristarchus is at “ his old lunes,” blundering again. The only quotation I have made against Edwin (to use Mr. Parsons's elegant phrase) is a latin, and not a greek one—but 'tis loss of time to talk to such naturals of quotations. The morosoph Este (Telegraph, April 28) announced an Ode of Horace's as a composition of Mr. Parsons's, and Parsons himself undoubtedly mistook the verse alluded to, for a prose exclamation of my own!

Or traced the Aquinian thro' the Latine road,
And trembled at the lashes he bestowed.

Together too, when Greece unlocked her stores,
We roved in thought o'er Troy's devoted
shores ; 320

Or followed, while he fought his native foil,
" That old man eloquent" from toil to toil ;
Lingering with good Alcinoüs o'er the tale,
Till the east reddened, and the stars grew pale.

NOTES.

To ME one eye not over good,
Two sides, that, to their cost, have stood
A ten years hectic cough ;
Aches, stitches, all the numerous ills
That swell the devilish doctor's bills,
And sweep poor mortals off.

A coat more bare than thine, a foul
That spurns the croud's malign controul ;
A fixed contempt of wrong ;
Spirits above affliction's power,
And skill to charm the lonely hour
With no inglorious song.

So past our life ; till fate, severely kind, 325
 Tore us apart, and land and sea disjoined,
 For many a year : now met, to part no more,
 The ascendant Power, confessed so strong of yore,
 Stronger by absence, every thought controuls,
 And knits in perfect unity our souls. 330

O IRELAND ! if the verse that thus essays
 To trace our lives “ e’en from our boyish
 days,”

Meet thy applause : the world beside may rail—

I care not——at the uninteresting tale :

I only seek, in language void of art, 335

To ope my breast, and pour out all my heart ;

And boastful of thy various worth, to tell,

How long we lov’d, and thou canst add, HOW
 WELL !

Thou too, MY HOPPNER ! if my wish availed,
 Should’st praise the strain that but for thee had
 failed : 340

Thou knowest, when Indolence possessed me all,
 How oft I roused at thy inspiring call ;

Burst from the Syren's fascinating power,
And gave the Muse thou lovest, one studious
hour.

Proud of thy friendship, while the voice of
fame 345
Pursues thy merits with a loud acclaim,
I share the triumph—not unpleased to see
Our kindred destinies ; for thou like me,
Wast thrown too soon on the world's dangerous
tide,
To sink or swim, as chance might best de-
cide. 350

345

350

ME, all too weak to gain the distant land,
The waves had whelmed, but that an outstretched
hand.

Kindly upheld, when now with fear unnerved—
And still protects the life it then preserved.

THEE, powers untried, perhaps unfelt be-
fore, 355

355

Enabled, tho' with pain, to reach the shore,

While WEST stood by, the doubtful strife to
view,

Nor lent a friendly arm to help thee through.

Nor ceased the labour there : Hate, ill-supprest,

Advantage took of thy ingenuous breast, 360

Where saving wisdom yet had plac'd no screen,

But every word, and every thought was seen,

To darken all thy life——'Tis past : more
bright

Thro' the disparting gloom thou strikest the
fight ;

While baffled malice hastes thy powers to
own, 365

And wonders at the worth so long unknown.

I too, whose voice no claims but truth's e'er
moved,

Who long have seen thy merits, long have loved,
Yet loved in silence, lest the rout should say

Too partial friendship tuned th' applausive
lay ; 370

Now, now that all conspire thy name to raise,
May join the shout of unsuspected praise.

Go then, since the long struggle now is o'er,
And envy can obstruct thy fame no more ;
With ardent hand thy magic toil pursue, 375
And pour fresh wonders on our raptured view.
One SUN is set, one GLORIOUS SUN ; whose
 rays

Long gladdened Britain with no common blaze :
O, may'st THOU soon (for clouds begin to rise)
Assert his station in the eastern skies, 380
Glow with his fires, and give the world to see
Another REYNOLDS risen, MY FRIEND, in
 THEE !

But whither roves the Muse ? I but designed
To note the few whose praise delights my mind ;
But friendship's power has drawn the verse
 astray, 385
Wide from its aim, a long, but flowery way.
Yet one remains, ONE NAME for ever dear,
With whom, conversing many a happy year,

I marked with secret joy the opening bloom
 Of Virtue, prescient of the fruits to come, 390
 Truth, honour, rectitude——O while thy breast,
 My BELGRAVE! of its every wish possrest,
 Swells with its recent transports, recent fears,
 And tenderest titles strike, yet charm thy ears,
 Say, wilt thou from thy feelings pause awhile, 395
 To view my humble labours with a smile?
 Thou wilt: for still 'tis thy delight to praise,
 And still thy fond applause has crowned my lays.

Here then I rest; soothed with the hope to
 prove

The approbation of "the few I love," 400
 Joined (for ambitious thoughts will sometimes
 rise)

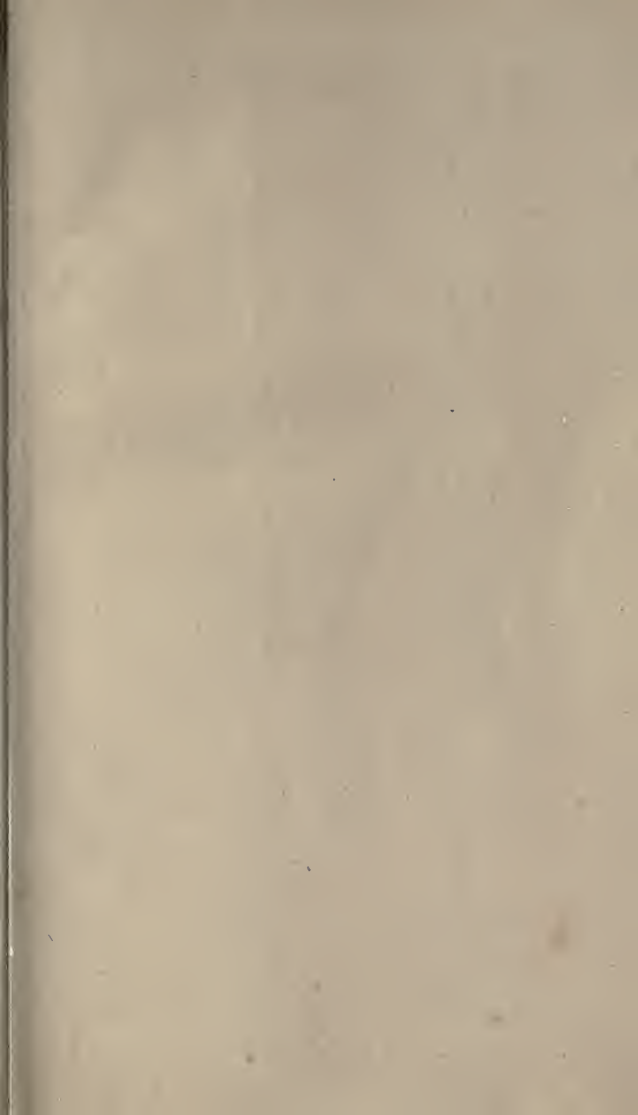
Joined to th' endurance of the good and wise.
 Thus happy—I can leave with tranquil breast
 Fashion's loud praise to Laura and the rest,
 Who rhyme and rattle, innocent of thought, 405
 Nor know that nothing can proceed from nought.

Thus happy,—I can view unruffled, Miles,
 Twist into splay-foot doggrel all St. Giles.
 Edwin spin paragraphs with Vaughan's whole
 skill,
 Este rapt in nonsense, gnaw his grey-goose
 quill, 410
 Merry in dithyrambics wail his wrongs,
 And Weston, foaming from Pope's odious
 songs,
 "Much-injured Weston," vent in odes his grief,
 And fly to Urban for a short relief.

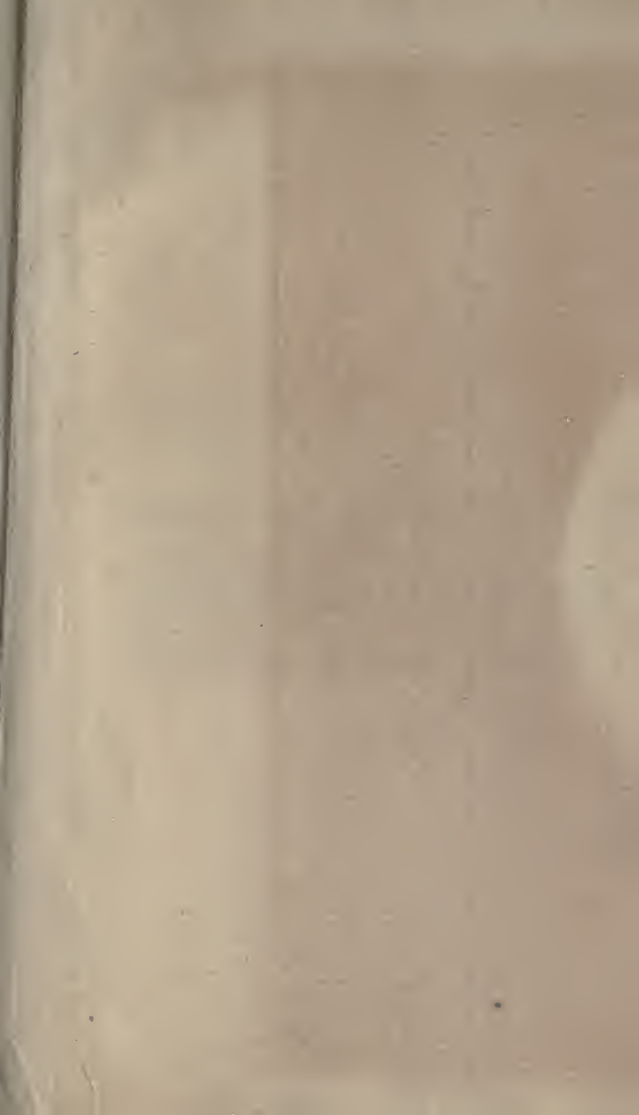
IMITATIONS.

V. 410. Complures alios, doctos ego quos—
 Prudens prætereo : quibus hæc sint qualiacunque
 Arridere velim ; doliturus, si placeant spe
 Deterius nostra. Demetri teque Tigelli,
 Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

FINIS.









PR Gifford, William
4712 The Baviad, and Maeviad
G3B3 New ed., rev.
1797

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